DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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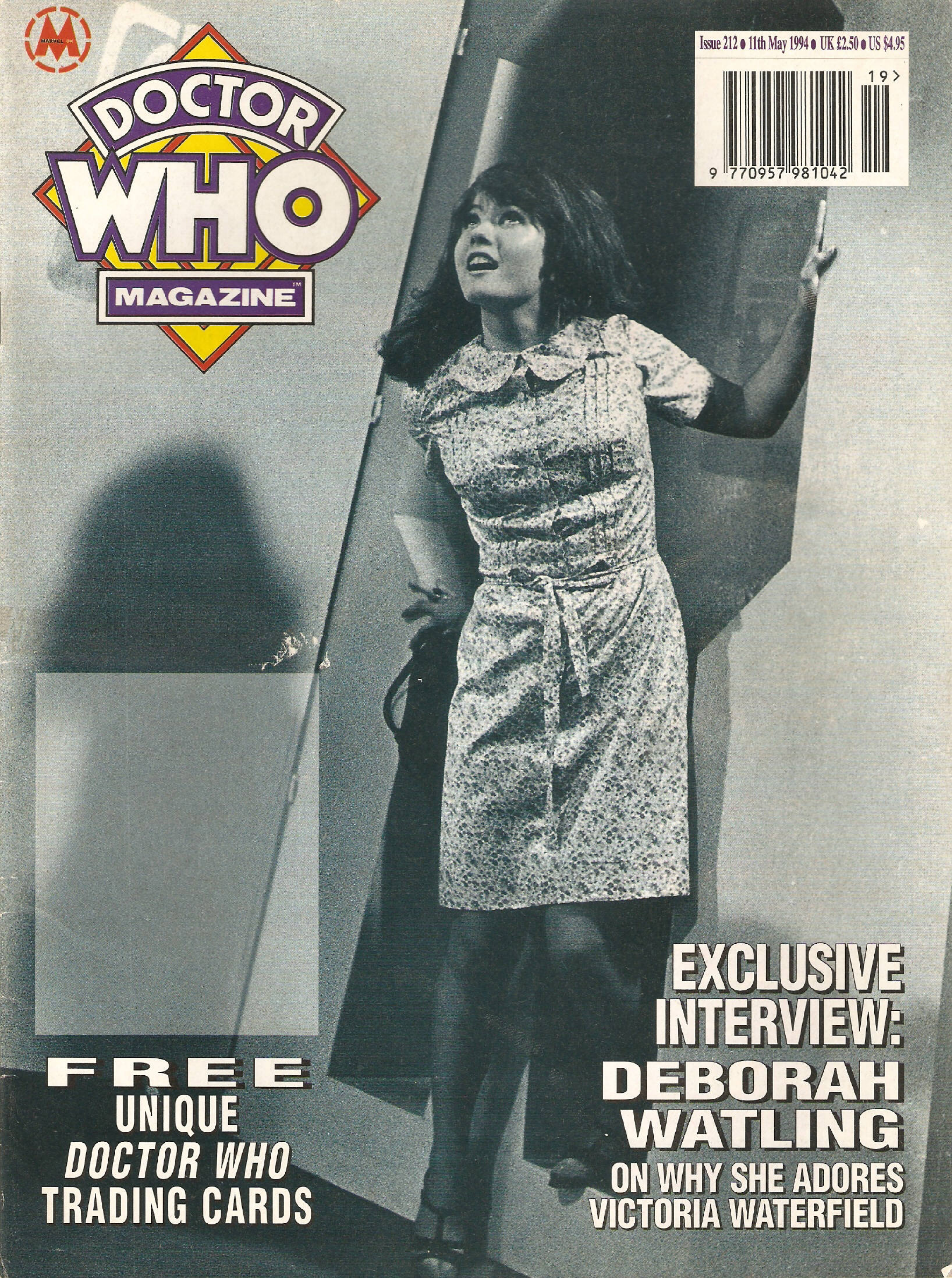

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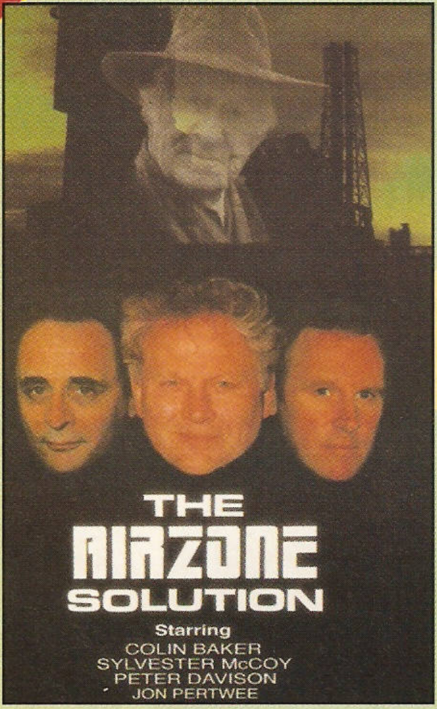

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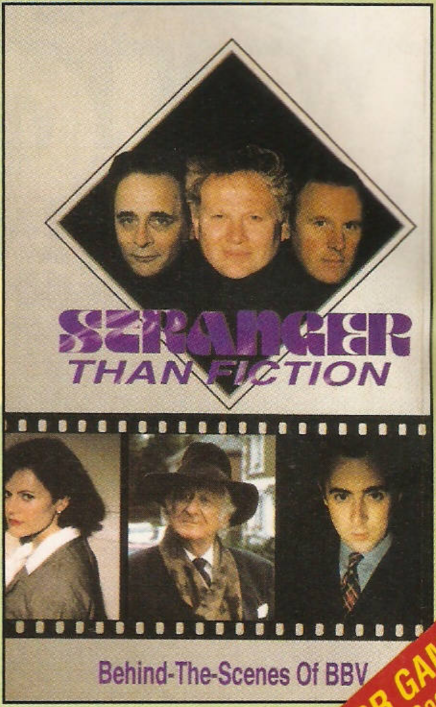

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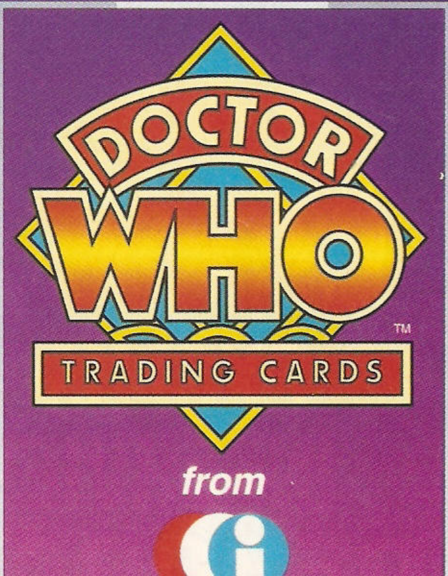

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Editorial: Gary Russell & Marcus Hearn
Design: Peri Godbold
Production: Jules 'n' Markey (he's back!)

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This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to:
Doctor Who Magazine,
Marvel Comics UK Ltd.,
13/15 Arundel Street,
London WC2R 3DX,
England.
Entries must arrive by second post on 23rd June 1994.

Thanks this issue to:
Colin Baker, Pauline Collins, Walter Howarth, Deborah Watling, Dave Auger, BBC Video, Gary Gillatt, David Hanks, David Howe, Matthew Pereira, Adrian Rigelsford, Simon Sadler, Virgin Books, Stephen Walker, and CMS.

Well, the rumour mills are working overtime but for once it has to be all in our favour. Never has *Doctor Who* been so firmly back in the public eye as from the moment Steven Spielberg's intentions leaked out. With Lumiere rumouring a new movie, we could be in for a glut of *Who* again over the next couple of years. No-one seems to have decided to make any kind of official statement though, just vague promises that the Amblin deal will be discussed more formally in September! September! Almost a year after the rumours started! How long does it take to sign on a dotted line?

Still, we've waited (with varying degrees of patience) for four years – another few months shouldn't be too difficult. Rest ssured that in the meantime the press will (probably inaccurately) assure as that contracts *have* been signed, actors cast etc.

It won't be long now. Hopefully.

Gary

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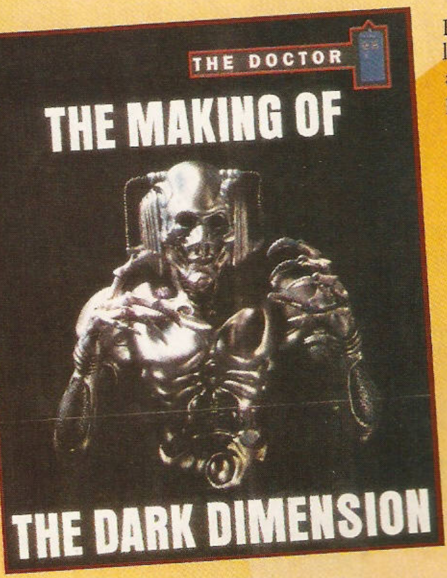
Doctor Who Magazine™ **Issue** 212. Published by **Marvel Comics UK Ltd.** Jim Galton, Chairman. Vincent Conran, Managing Director. Paul Neary, Editorial Director. Office of publication 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2R 3DX, England. Published every four weeks. All *Doctor Who* material is © BBC TV 1994. Diamond Logo © BBC Enterprises 1973. All other material is © **Marvel Comics Ltd** unless otherwise indicated. No similarity between any of the fictional names, characters, persons and/or institutions herein with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended and any such similarity is purely coincidental . Nothing may be reproduced by any means in whole or part without the written permission of the publishers. This periodical may not be sold, except by authorised dealers, And is sold to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. All letters sent to this magazine will be considered for publication, but the publishers cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Printed in the UK and distributed by IPC Marketforce, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS 071-261 6061. How to insult a Chameleon: accuse him of being two-faced. Suggest he's got a double chin. ISSN 0957-9818

DOCTOR WHO: THE NEXT GENERATION

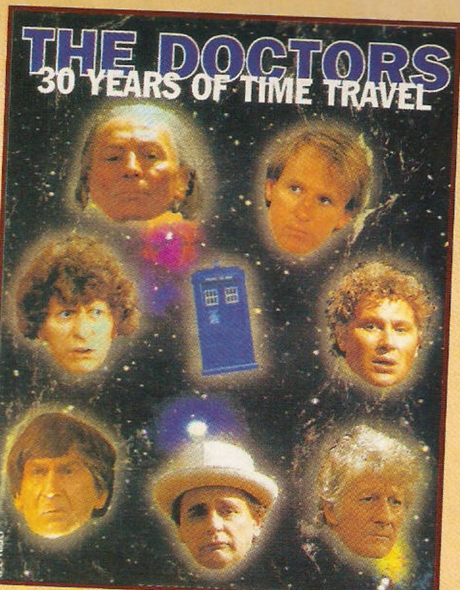


By the time you read this, the future of the world's longest-running science-fiction series may no longer be in the balance. Various **Doctor Who Magazine** sources have expressed confidence that a deal establishing a co-production partnership between the BBC and Amblin Entertainment to produce the first new television episodes of *Doctor Who* in five years is now close to finalisation.

Press comment, speculation and misreporting has continued unabated throughout March, with the latest unconfirmed reports stating that Alan (*Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves*) Rickman is now hotly tipped for the role of the Doctor. The most persistent of recent rumours, however, was first reported in *The Sunday Times*, who claimed that Steven Spielberg's Amblin recently surprised the BBC by only expressing an interest in remaking classic *Doctor Who* storylines. *The Sunday Times* also went as far as claiming that the new production of *Doctor Who* already has an appointed producer in the shape of Peter Wagg, well-known within the industry through his association with *Max Headroom*.

By far the most impact has, however, been generated by an indication from the office of BBC Enterprises executive Tony Greenwood. Greenwood, who earlier this year flew to Los Angeles to negotiate terms with Amblin over *Doctor Who*, has previously remained tight-lipped over progress on the project. However, over the last few weeks it has been noticable that those lips are slowly but surely becoming a smile . . .

Above and right are the covers to the two new Boxtree books by Adrian Rigelsford. The Boxtree press information for *The Making of The Dark Dimension* reveals that amongst the cast for the aborted special were David Bowie, k.d. lang and Tom Waits and that three weeks filming was conducted! Tom Baker is writing the introduction to the book.

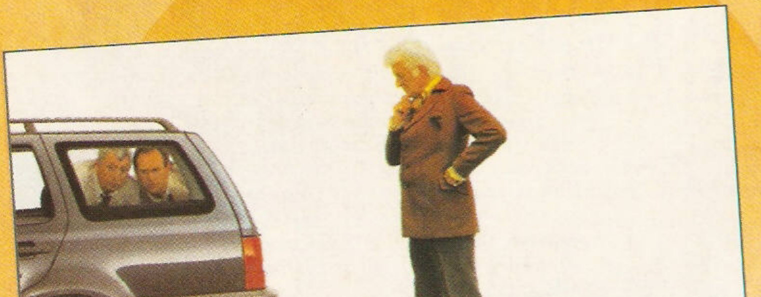


In one of the biggest developments in *Doctor Who*'s long and successful publishing history, Boxtree have revealed their intention to publish two large-format factual books on the famous Time Lord. The hardback books will be called *The Making of The Dark Dimension* (with a provisional publication date of 28th July) and *The Doctors: Thirty Years of Time Travel* (provisionally scheduled for 29th September). In what will inevitably be seen as competition for Virgin Publishing's as yet unchallenged share of the market for books of this kind, Boxtree have hinted that both will be competitively priced and lavishly illustrated with a plethora of previously unpublished photographs.

Self-confessed TV addict Rod Green is the editor at Boxtree responsible for overseeing the two new *Doctor Who* titles: "Boxtree's main strength has always been media tie-in publications, and we have recently been looking into expanding our list, which includes reference books and now graphic novels such as *X-Men*. *Doctor Who* seems to fit in admirably with our policy."

The author of both books is Adrian Rigelsford, previously notable as the writer of Virgin's *Doctor Who – The Monsters* and the aborted Thirtieth Anniversary story *The Dark Dimension*. Adrian was put in touch with Boxtree through a mutual contact at Lumiere Pictures (the producers of the planned *Doctor Who* movie) and is delighted to be instrumental in this new chapter of *Doctor Who* publishing.

DOCTORIN' THE GOLF


The new Golf Estate.

Readers of *The Mail on Sunday*'s *Night & Day* review supplement on 27th February were greeted with this intriguing centre-page spread advertisement. Apparently succeeding where the BBC have failed for all these years, the advertisement clearly features Jon Pertwee, Tom Baker and Peter Davison united in their admiration of the new Volkswagen Golf Estate.

The advertisement was designed by the BMPDDB Neadon agency, who are also responsible for the controversial Wonderbra campaign which has reportedly caused a number of recent road accidents.

While bringing a wry grin to the faces of *Doctor Who* enthusiasts, the Volkswagen picture did not go down as well with the BBC. On Friday 4th March *The Daily Mail* reported that the BBC "banned Volkswagen from using the name of the TV series in ads but the motor firm has gone ahead with a poster and press campaign using Jon Pertwee, Peter Davison and Tom Baker to help sell its Golf Estate. BBC Enterprises said 'We are less than amused to see the spirit, if not the legality of our rights to *Dr Who* being used in this way. But we understand the hold *Dr Who* has on viewers and car buyers.'"

VIRGIN NEWS

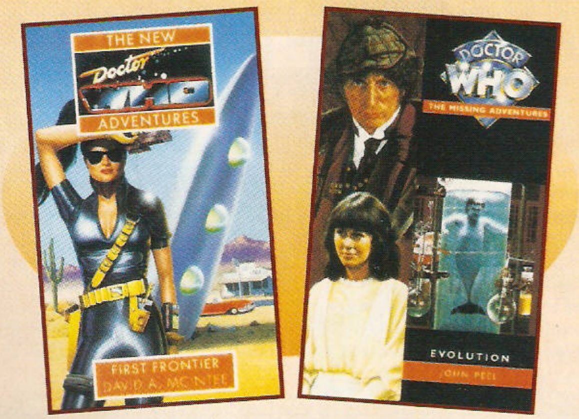
Virgin's ranges of *Doctor Who – The New Adventures* and *Doctor Who – The Missing Adventures* continue apace for 1994/5. To recap:

The New Adventures

June:	*All-Consuming Fire*	Andy Lane
July:	*Blood Harvest*	Terrance Dicks
August:	*Strange England*	Simon Messingham
Sept:	*First Frontier*	David McIntee
Oct:	*St. Anthony's Fire*	Mark Gatiss
Nov:	*Parasite*	Jim Mortimore
Dec:	*Falls the Shadow*	Daniel O'Mahoney
Jan:	*Warlock*	Andrew Cartmel
Feb:	*Set Piece*	Kate Orman

The Missing Adventures

July:	*Goth Opera*	Paul Cornell (Fifth Doctor)
Sept:	*Evolution*	John Peel (Fourth Doctor)
Oct:	*Venusian Lullaby*	Paul Leonard (First Doctor)
Nov:	*The Crystal Bucephalus*	Craig Hinton (Fifth Doctor)
Dec:	*State of Change*	Christopher Bulis (Sixth Doctor)
Jan:	*The Ghosts of N–Space*	Barry Letts (Third Doctor)
Feb:	*Romance of Crime*	Gareth Roberts (Fourth Doctor)


THE NEW Doctor WHO ADVENTURES
FIRST FRONTIER
DAVID A. McINTEE
DOCTOR WHO
THE MISSING ADVENTURES
EVOLUTION
JOHN PEEL

The covers for this September's releases – *First Frontier* is painted by Tony Masero while Alister Pearson handles *Evolution.* October's *New Adventure, St. Anthony's Fire* will have a cover by Doctor Who Classic Comics cover artist Paul Campbell.

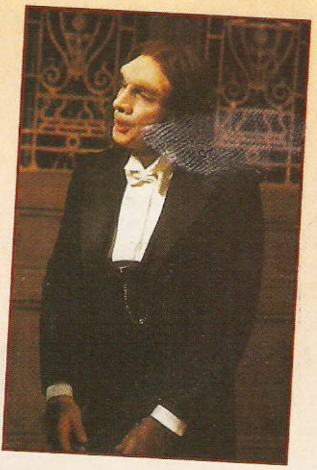
VIDEO NEWS

I WAS A DOCTOR WHO MONSTER!

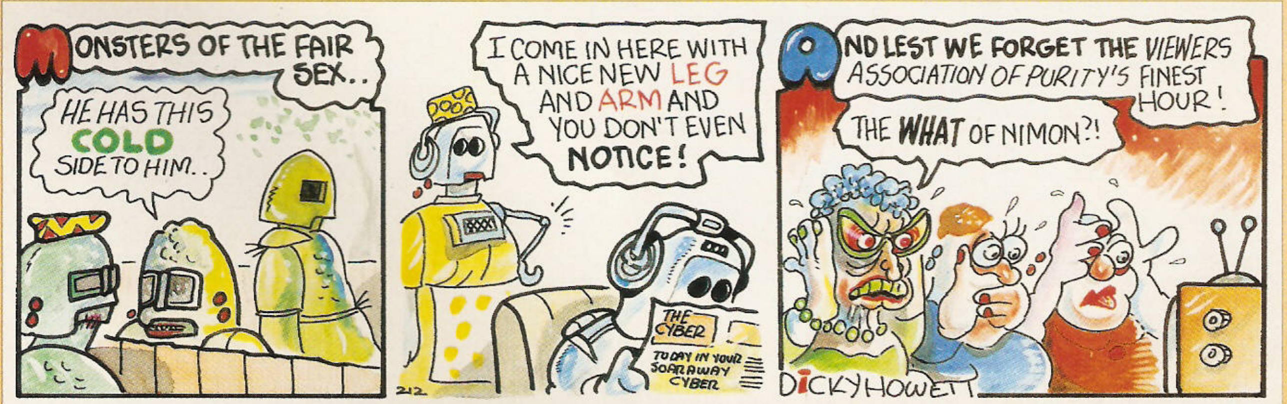
Reeltime Pictures are currently researching a *Myth Makers* special production about the unsung heroes of *Doctor Who.* To be titled *I Was a Doctor Who Monster,* the video will feature little known actors who portrayed the many nonspeaking monster parts parts in the series. Keith Barnfather is very keen to trace anyone who might be able to contribute to the video (to be presented by Sylvester McCoy) and can be contacted at Reeltime on (071) 620 3102.

We have **TEN** copies of *Inferno* and *Ghost Light* to give away **FREE.** All you have to do is tell us which Pertwee story *Ghost Light's* Carl Forgione appears in. Answers, marked NIMROD'S TOOTH, on a postcard or sealed envelope to the address on Page 3.

Colin Howard is currently working on the covers for some potenial (but not definite) 1994 releases: *Destiny of the Daleks* and *The Rescue/The Romans* and *The Seeds of Doom* doublepacks. Pete Wallbank is working on another provisional release, *The Visitation/ Black Orchid* double-pack.



Doctor Who? by Tim Quinn and Dicky Howett


MONSTERS OF THE FAIR SEX..
HE HAS THIS COLD SIDE TO HIM..
I COME IN HERE WITH A NICE NEW LEG AND ARM AND YOU DON'T EVEN NOTICE!
THE CYBER
TODAY IN YOUR SOARAWAY CYBER
212
AND LEST WE FORGET THE VIEWERS ASSOCIATION OF PURITY'S FINEST HOUR!
THE WHAT OF NIMON?!
DICKY HOWETT

BEYOND THE TARDIS

Compiled by Dominic May

Obituary: At the age of 92, **Llewellyn Rees**, who played Gallifrey's assassinated President in parts one and two of *The Deadly Assassin*, died during February.

Doctors: Jon Pertwee has embarked on his own one-man show tour in which, according to the publicity blurb, he "talks about his life in Variety, TV and Film, together with a wealth of anecdotes about the heady days of light entertainment on the Radio, including eighteen years of *The Navy Lark*". He began in Stafford on 12 March and remaining dates are (box office telephone numbers): **7 Apr** - Theatr Colwyn, Colwyn Bay (0492 532668); **14 Apr** - Queen's Hall Arts Centre, Hexham (0434 607272); **16 Apr** - Maltings Arts Centre, Berwick Upon Tweed (0289 330999); **22 Apr** - The Harlequin, Redhill (0737 765547) and **27 May** - The Millfield, Edmonton (081 807 6680). A venue in Liverpool is also a possibility. He was also the subject of a 'Gotcha' in the edition of *Noel's House Party* shown on 19 March.

The Children's Channel production *Molly* starring **Peter Davison** and **Louise Jameson**, originally planned for broadcast in April, has been delayed until at least September because of unforeseen production difficulties. *Harnessing Peacocks*, which Peter starred in last year, won two awards at the Monte Carlo Television Festival in February for best television film and best script (Andrew Davies).

Film Doctor **Peter Cushing** is the founder and patron of the Theatre Royal Chatham Trust and has been working to enable a huge refurbishment of the theatre and the construction of a cinema complex.

Theatre Doctor **Trevor Martin** can currently be seen in the Tom Stoppard comedy *Travesties* at London's Savoy Theatre until June (Box Office 071 836 8888).

Companions: Caroline John played a prospective parliamentary candidate in the 27 February episode of *The House of Elliott*. She also played Mrs Carnac in *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* episode *The Dying Detective* on 14 March, which was directed by **Sarah Hellings**. Other guest artists in this final Holmes series included *Planet of Fire's* **Peter Wyngarde**, *Ghost Light's* **John Hallam, Tom Chadbon** from *City of Death* and *The Trial of Time Lord* and **Dennis Lill** from *Image of the Fendahl* and *The Awakening*.

Further to **DWM** 211, the play **Louise Jameson** has lately been appearing in is *Elsewhere* by Neal Bell and not *Cold Sweat* as published. **David Collings** (*Revenge/Robots/Mawdryn*) has been Louise's co-star. On 1 March she was in Channel 4's *Without Walls* programme *Degas and Pissaro Fall Out* as an over-worked researcher trying to hold chaos at bay. She was to be heard as Irmguard alongside **Martin Jarvis** in Radio Four's *A Vital Flaw* by Neville Watchurst and is still raising money for an orphanage in Sucuava, Romania, four years after her first visit (donations can be sent to the Hope bank account held by the NatWest bank in Camden Town).

Bonnie Langford's *Hollywood and Broadway* tour with Wayne Sleep and Kim Kriswell continues with dates at York (two nights), Woking, Jersey, Guernsey, Southport, Gloucester, Worthing, Canterbury (two nights), Hastings, Birmingham, Llandudno, Blackpool, Southend (two nights), Hemel Hempstead, Ipswich, Great Yarmouth and Halifax.

Producers: Philip Hinchcliffe, on behalf of Portman Productions, is developing *The Flyboys* by Daniel Boyle, a contemporary film drama for BBC Wales about of a group of RAF fighter pilots.

Script Editors: An illustrated coffee-table style book of *The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* is to be published by Orion, based on **Douglas Adams**' first novel. Kevin Davies (*30 Years in the TARDIS*) is the art director.

The **Antony Root** produced *Tales Of The City* has been nominated in the best drama category of this year's Indie Awards.

Writers: Stephen Gallagher has written *Here Comes the Mirror Man*, the first of four one-hour psychological thrillers being produced by Yorkshire TV under the banner *Chillers*, which will be broadcast by ITV later this year. Casting is also underway for the big screen version of *Valley of Lights*, which Stephen has adapted from his novel and production is expected later in the year.

Zorba the Greek, based on the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis, was recently produced as a Radio 4 Classic Serial by Sil creator **Philip Martin**. He chose **Terry** Davros **Molloy** to play Mavrondoni.

Rona Munro's *Men of the Month* is one of the seventeen films in the current *Screen Two* season. The Ken Loach film *Ladybird, Ladybird*, for which Rona wrote the screenplay, won three awards at the Berlin Film Festival in February, including one from the International Critics Association. Despite the film's success abroad, to date no British distributor has picked it up for theatrical screening in the UK.

Directors: A production of Oscar Wilde's *An Ideal Husband* was recently mounted at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and was directed by **Derek Martinus**.

The fourth series of *Soldier Soldier* is now in production with *The Ark In Space's* **Rodney Bennett** on board as one of the four assigned directors.

Repeats of the **Matthew Robinson**-produced fifth series of *Byker Grove* are due to get underway on BBC1 shortly.

Series two of *Peak Practice* produced by **Tony Virgo** (*The King's Demons*) can be seen on ITV on Tuesdays until 24 May.

Miscellaneous: Kate O'Mara stepped in at the last moment to play the role of Maria Wislack in the Peter Hall Company's production of *On Approval* following the withdrawal of *The Highlanders'* **Hannah Gordon**, who is suffering from nervous exhaustion.

The Marchioness of Worcester is none other than former actress **Tracy Louise Ward**, who played Katz in *Timelash*. Since marrying Harry "Bunter" Worcester and leaving acting she has devoted herself to charity works and green organisations such as Friends of the Earth, the Gaia Foundation, Transport 2000 and the Schumacher Society.

Tony Selby aka Glitz plays Sgt "Nozzer" Richardson in the final episode entitled *Rear Window* of the Jasper Carrott/Robert Powell series *The Detectives* currently airing on Wednesdays on BBC1.

The BBC Radiophonic Workshop has issued a twenty five minute training video in which five composers give examples of their work and the techniques used to synthesise musical effects to achieve the best interpretation of each programme. Four of them worked on *Doctor Who*, namely **Peter Howell, Roger Limb, Liz Parker** and **Malcolm Clarke**. Each tape costs £42.30 including VAT and postage and can be obtained from BBC Television Training, BBC Elstree Centre, Borehamwood, Herts WD6 1JF (telephone 081 953 6100 Extn 2592).

PUBLIC IMAGE

Audiences for the Sunday brunchtime repeats of *The Green Death* on BBC2 were, not surprisingly, considerably below those for previous early evening runs on either BBC channel. Programmes broadcast at such times rarely feature in any channel's Top 30. Thus it came to pass that, whereas stories featuring the Third Doctor had previously achieved higher audiences than any other Doctors, it was a much-praised Jon Pertwee adventure that saw audiences fall below the one million level. BBC Audience Research have established the following figures:

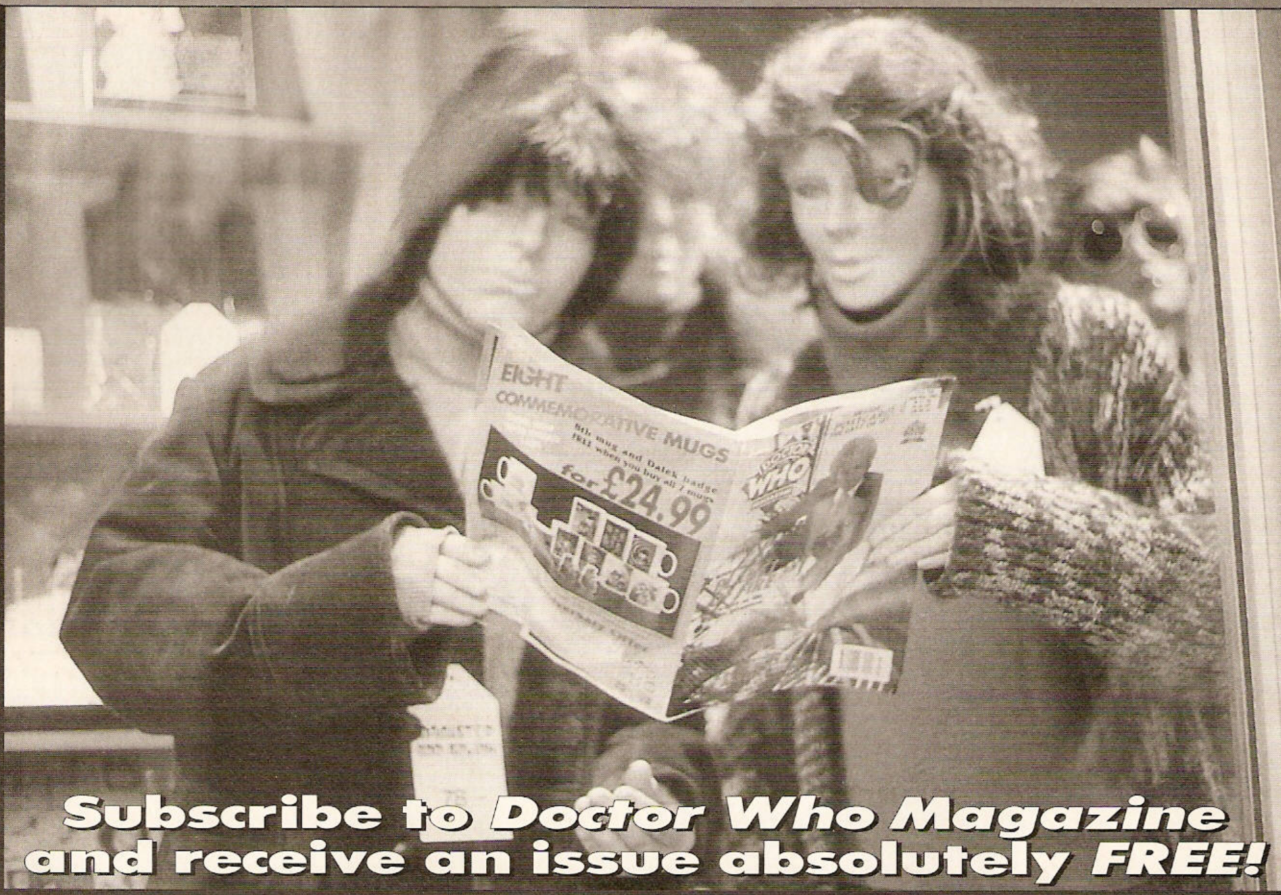
Episode 1	2nd Jan	1.3 Million
Episode 2	9th Jan	1.1 Million
Episode 3	16th Jan	0.8 Million
Episode 4	23rd Jan	1.1 Million
Episode 5	30th Jan	1.3 Million
Episode 6	7th Feb	1.3 Million

The recovery for the final episodes after the halfway decline seems a curious anomaly, but it shows the Third Doctor can still reverse the disparity of the re-run flow. Meanwhile, shelving the planned video release of this story, albeit temporarily, on the basis of these low-level repeats may have seemed a surprising decision. However, these figures are still exponentially larger than the sales levels of *Doctor Who* videos. On which subject, the story subsequently selected for a BBC2 re-run (from March 6th) was, ironically, the highest-selling re-issue of BBC Video's price cuts. Thirteen titles were discounted from January 31st. Of this baker's dozen, no less than five made the first relevant GALLUP-compiled Top 50 sales chart dated 12th February - almost certainly a record-breaking show of strength. These were: *Pyramids of Mars* at Number Twenty, *Day of the Daleks* at Number Twenty-One, *The Ark in Space* at Number Twenty-Nine, *The Curse of Fenric* at Number Thirty-Three and finally *Terror of the Zygons* at Number Forty-Nine. The three Top Thirty entries were all titles released for the first time in full episodic form – demonstrating once again how well-informed the series' collectors are. They outsold all other BBC Video titles that week, with the ubiquitous exception of Mr Blobby. The Zygon tale was not given the same treatment and remains in omnibus format. Hopefully no purchasers made the wrong assumption, and bought a version identical to the existing one... The presence of the more recent Sylvester McCoy tale *The Curse of Fenric* is more surprising, although the exclusive footage has always given it a certain prestige.On the next chart (dated February 19th), only one title – *Day of the Daleks* – remained within the Top 50. It had fallen twelve places to Number Thirty-Three. The chart dated February 26th had no *Doctor Who* presence whatsoever, but there were indications that wholesalers were re-ordering substantial quantities of the three episodic releases that had made the Top Thirty two weeks before...

Next time: viewing figures for *Pyramids of Mars* on BBC2, and chart activity for *Arc of Infinity* and *The Colin Baker Years* on video.

Mark Wyman

Don't be a dummy



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Leatherlungs is Back

From screaming at Daleks, Cybermen, Ice Warriors and giant seaweed to screaming for American fans, Deborah Watling has made herself hoarse being Victoria Waterfield. Jane Walker recently met up with one of *Doctor Who*'s greatest treasures from the era of the Second Doctor . . . and beyond . . .

“They've found these? You're joking! Good Lord, I haven't seen these for twenty-six years.”

Deborah Watling leafed through a collection of **DWM**'s recently discovered telesnaps, huge mascara-ed eyes wide in disbelief. These tiny pictures, taken by stills photographer John Cura during the Sixties, document her year as Victoria, the naive and vulnerable companion to Patrick Troughton's Doctor.

“When I started it was just another job, I never knew that this would all happen twenty-six years later. It's wonderful.”

She studies the contact sheet of her 1967 *Doctor Who* debut story, *The Evil of the Daleks*. “When I came in it was lovely because Pat and Frazer (Hines) made me so welcome. It was brilliant, but on my first shot in the studio I got terrible spots, and you can see them. I came in on Episode 2 and you see me trapped with this Dalek. I look at it now and think ‘look at that dreadful spot on your chin!’ I was really spotty but then they went, so I think it was the anxiety of the first show.

“I *just* recognise the girl, it's strange. I was quite sort of pretty and plump, the average girl-next-door really. I was told when I went into it that I was the love interest for the dads, because it was a family programme and they liked to see a pretty girl romping about with the Doctor. I can see myself as that, but I look at these pictures and I think gosh, that must have been a long time ago. I was nineteen but I looked about fifteen. Look at that little chubby girl!” Deborah has just celebrated her forty-sixth birthday. She is five-foot nothing and a perfect size eight.

Back to the telesnaps. “It doesn't bring back a lot to me, actually. That's me screaming, or about to. No, I don't remember a lot of this. As I say, it was just another job for me. You do that one for a year and then forget about it. I was out of work, and then did another series for six months, so you cut your mind off. I don't retain things as an actress at all. Once the job's over, forget it, that's it, especially in theatre.

“It's weird, after all these years. It's extraordinary how it keeps coming back and haunting me, but it's very flattering as well.”

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Deborah scans through the stills from *The Abominable Snowmen* – an acting experience she shared with her father, Jack. “My dad's there somewhere. He must be – he played Professor Travers. There he is! He wouldn't have to wear make-up now! They had to put grey in his hair and the beard and things.

“Dad was in the show because I read the storyline and said to Innes Lloyd, the producer at the time, ‘Look, it's a perfect part for my dad. He's got to make-up a bit and have a beard on, but he'd be brilliant.’ He was such a success as Professor Travers that they wrote another storyline for him, so he came back as the same character in *The Web of Fear*, which was brilliant. He's so proud of that, my dad. ‘You're the only child of mine that's ever got me a job’, he says.”

Only since the discovery of *The Tomb of the Cybermen* has Deborah seen any of her stories in their entirety – the rest are casualties on the missing episode list. “It's ghastly, I don't understand it. I know I was in black-and-white, but it was quite a famous era, that. It was called ‘The Monster Era’. I've heard various rumours which are frankly ridiculous, like Pat Troughton didn't want that year to be shown, he wanted it to be trashed etcetera, but Pat would never do that, he was not one of those actors. My lovely Pat, who had that wonderful sense of humour and that quirkiness, was a bloody good actor.

“I think it's probably because they needed more storage in the stockroom, and it's not just *Doctor Who* – some of the Tony Hancock classics are gone, too.

“I've always had a theory that somebody somewhere has the whole collection of that year and they're not letting go. They found *The Tomb of the Cybermen* out in Hong Kong, or somewhere ridiculous, but I think somebody somewhere has got them. Come on, give us a look please! We'd all like to share those, thank you very much.

“It was fascinating to watch *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, though. I went to the first screening of it. It was an invited audience and there were people there that I hadn't seen since I did it, years ago. Everyone looked slightly older and greyer, maybe a bit fatter but it was lovely to see them all."

It was a *Radio Times* cover photograph of Deborah in character as Alice, from her 1965 BBC debut *The Life of Lewis Carroll*, that drew her to the attention of *Doctor Who* producer Innes Lloyd. Originally auditioning for the part of Polly Wright, Deborah was deemed too inexperienced, but a year later the producer recalled the photograph when he came to cast for Victoria Waterfield. "I've got the original framed in my kitchen – me as Alice. Innes Lloyd saw me as that and thought, 'Yes, that could be Victoria.'"

Leaving the programme after one season was a difficult decision for Deborah, having built a deep rapport with compatriots Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines, but not one she regrets. "That year in *Doctor Who* taught me a lot about television technique; lighting, camera angles, sound, all that. I learned a hell of a lot, and I always remember one week when we came to the studios the cameramen were on strike, so they couldn't move the cameras. You had to hit your marks which were laid out on the floor as white strips – it's very difficult to look at the camera and hit a mark without even looking down. We had some experiences on my year."

Doctor Who has entered her life again recently, and Deborah made a brief appearance in the BBC *Children in Need* story *Dimensions in Time.* "That was fun because about a week earlier I had broken my arm. They got me on the Cutty Sark at Greenwich, and I had to run around the deck and hare down these rope ladders at the side of the ship. They covered me up with a rather naff cloak, so I did look a bit like Victoria, and I had to go down those stairs very slippery and one-handed. I thought 'any moment now I'm going to fall on top of Jon Pertwee!' But we did it. I went straight back to Victoria – her character came straight back, and I thought 'my goodness, I still know the lady!'"

Although both she and Frazer Hines miss Patrick Troughton enormously, Debbie Watling chooses not to dwell on his death, just the happy memories her thoughts about him evoke. Photo © BBC

THE EMPEROR'S CAVE

She is less happy about the final edit of *The Late Show*'s documentary, *30 Years in the TARDIS.* "I don't know what happened about that. We did two scenes walking into the Emperor Dalek's cave, which were cut totally. The interview with Frazer and myself was cut – it was just me speaking very quickly, but we did a whole interview, with him chipping in – how we bounce off each other. It was great, but it was cut to shreds.

"At least I got a bit in there, but Frazer didn't even speak in the transmitted version, which I think was disgusting because he was the longest-running companion and is a great favourite of the programme. I don t know what happened there, and I feel very sorry for Kevin, the director. He was absolutely marvellous and we had a great time filming.

"We went back twenty-six years immediately. At one point we had to come on set and go down this corridor, and all of a sudden come into the Emperor Dalek's cave. It was behind us – this huge thing! We started a shot, the first take, and the director asked 'Who goes first?' I automatically said 'I used to follow Frazer, he goes first.' So I flashed back all those years.

"On the first take we were going through the same corridor, and all of a sudden Frazer winked at me and started a 'cod' going down stairs. You know, when you bend your knees, and I followed him. They said 'Cut! What's going on?' That should have been in it.

"The whole documentary was ridiculous, and to me it was bastardised. You had Toyah Wilcox talking about her experiences, but she was throughout the programme – it kept shooting back to her. She's a lovely lady and I admire what she does but you want to see other people who have actually been in *Doctor Who*."

Deborah is also aware of the possibility that *Doctor Who* may get the Spielberg treatment. "It might give it new life and keep it going. It won't be the same *Doctor Who* that we know. It'll be cast with all-American actors probably, with maybe one gesture, one British person in ►

Debbie Watling at *PanoptiCon '93*, one of the many *Doctor Who* conventions that the actress actively supports. Photo © Alan Jeffries

◄ it. The fans will probably be very disappointed because they have their memories of it. And I have my memories of it. Still, it will be quite fascinating to see what Spielberg does with it because he's a master, and the special effects are going to be out of this world. I'd take part like a shot. Work for Spielberg? Oh yes!

"When I did it, even recently, the sets wobbled and the special effects weren't that great, but that was part of the charm. At least it will be alive, even if it's not in the form that we want."

ROOTS

Born in 1948, Deborah went through a brief period of wanting to be a dentist, before miserably failing her 'O' Levels. Perhaps inevitably she then decided to join the family profession, acting, but walked out of drama school after three weeks, disliking the methods of teaching and the large size of the class. Having secured an agent, she made her television debut in ITC's *William Tell* and *The Invisible Man*.

"I was brought up in an acting family and they put in the brain subconsciously, how one behaves, what ones does, because I saw my dad and mum go through it. I was brought up with it."

Unlike many former companions, Deborah had few problems finding work after leaving the programme, and has enjoyed a varied and extensive career both in the theatre and on television.

"It took me a long time after I left *Doctor Who* to get out of the pretty girl-next-door image, and I was out of work for about nine months afterwards, but then I did go into a BBC series called *The Newcomers*. I played some raunchy parts after that. In *That'll be the Day* I played Sandra, in a holiday camp with David Essex – his first lay! That will open your eyes. Then I played lots of things; Naughty Norma in *Danger UXB* leaping on all those soldiers; *Doctor in Charge* – I stripped off in that, but you only saw the back, so it was all right. They put these terrible patsies on me to cover up these bits at the front, and they looked more obscene than if you'd seen the boobs! It was in the days when you couldn't actually show anything at all, even to the cast."

OCTOBER 9—15
Radio Times
BBC-1
tv
BBC-2
SIXPENCE
LONDON AND SOUTH-EAST
The Wednesday Play
A new season begins on BBC-1 with the story of
ALICE

The *Radio Times* cover that led Debbie Watling's role in *Doctor Who*.

Debbie Watling enjoyed playing Victoria, accepting that her innocence and naivety was very much a characteristic of both the Victorian and the Sixties eras. Photo © BBC.

Having escaped typecasting, Deborah fondly remembers her role of innocent Victoria, defending criticism about the portrayal of female characters in *Doctor Who*. "In those days it was a family show, the whole family used to sit down and watch it after the football, but no way was I a role model. When I did it, it was in the late Sixties, and she was just Victoria, who screamed a lot and got carried away by monsters every other episode. But I tried to install something of a tom-boy in her as well. Just look at the clothes I had in the Yeti series, for goodness sake! I wasn't showing anything at all – I was in great jack boots, plus fours and a big jacket. It was pure fantasy and adventure.

"I was there to do a role – in those days you didn't fling yourself about, you didn't do karate or whatever like Louise Jameson did. When I saw her I wished I had a bit of that when I was in it, but I suppose all that wasn't of my time. Victoria was Victoria, and in her way she was bloody strong, she really was. I adored her, because if you portray a character it's got to be part of you because your body's doing it.

FAN FAVOURITE

"The people that know me from *Doctor Who* are now interested in me for what I'm doing now. They turn up and say 'what are you doing next? I must come and see the show.' They support me all the way around the country, and always take up the first two rows in the stalls. I walk on and I think 'hello, they're back again!' and I know it's going to be a long tea afterwards.

"Everywhere you go when you're on tour there's always about two interviews for *Doctor Who* every week. I remember one day one of these interviewers was to meet me in my dressing room between shows – and this stunning blond man walked in. An Adonis that you would just faint for. He sat down opposite me with his tape recorder and we got on terribly well, and he started to twinkle at me, slightly flirting, which I thought was quite nice. At one point I said to him 'when did you get interested in *Doctor Who*?' He said 'I've always been interested in it.' I said 'oh, yes, you saw me. . . ?' And he said 'well, um, I've seen the repeats, because when you first did it, I wasn't born!'

"I would never give up the acting though. I love it, it gives you such a buzz and you go through agony. I recently took over the lead in a West End play with only three days rehearsal. After two weeks I lost the nerves and I enjoyed every minute of it. It was *Don't Dress for Dinner* at The Duchess Theatre. "I proved it to myself when I took the job. I thought 'Watling, if you can do this lead part in three days in the West End, you can still hack it.' I'm a task master – I push myself to the nth degree on everything I do. *Doctor Who* was slightly different, because you did an episode a week in a more relaxed atmosphere.

"I would like to do some more telly now, because I've got to the age where I can play a mother. A little sit-com would be quite nice. Yes, it's got to be comedy.

"I direct every year. I try to keep a hand in there and I've kept up with new ideas. I say to people when I go round to various theatres 'look – I direct as well.' I'd love to do some more directing, but they put you in slots, don't they? They categorise, so they don't take me seriously as a director, though I know I'm good. I'll get them in the end, don't worry!"

In recent years, Deborah has made the role of convention celebrity guest her own, throwing herself into the spirit of such occasions by circulating freely and easily with fans, as well as enlivening guest panels with her tales of high-jinks with Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines.

"It's an extension of my job. I don't have to do all these conventions, but I want to. All right, there's often no expenses or whatever, but it doesn't matter, I love to get there to say hello, because I love meeting people."

She recalls her first convention appearance. "We were greeted by the organisers and there's this Dalek in the corner waving his plunger about. My husband Steve looked at me and said 'what have I walked into here, Watling?' We go up to our room, unpack and we're about to go down for the meal at night. He opened the door and there's a Dalek standing outside. He shut the door quickly, came back and said 'you won't believe this, there's a Dalek outside our door!' I opened it and there was! He enjoyed it, but he had to meet everybody as my other half. Somebody called him Mr Watling, which didn't go down too well, but he laughed it off.

"You do meet the occasional nutter at these things, let's face it. You know when they're fifty paces away that it's nutter coming towards you by the eyes. Steve realised this and learned about it – he used to nudge me and say 'here's another one, do you want to go to the loo?' I'd say 'no, it's all right', so he'd go to the loo instead!

"The majority of fans are lovely. They are genuinely interested in the programme and they want to keep it alive, and their memories of it alive. The enthusiasm is absolutely amazing."

Deborah nicknamed her character 'Leatherlungs' after her legendary ability to scream – a talent that was to prove fatal for the seaweed monster in her final story *Fury from the Deep*. "When I go to conventions now there's always some smart alec in the audience saying 'can you give us a scream please?' I have lost my voice so many times over that scream. In America I had three thousand people in the audience, and they asked for the scream, so I asked them to turn the mikes off. They said 'don't be silly', so I said 'turn the bloody mikes off!' I let out this whopper, and even the restaurant next door heard the scream and cleared the place. I lost my voice for two days over that one, so you've got to control it. I let rip – I felt the vocal cords go ting, ting, ting and I thought 'hello, I've done it this time'.

Debbie Watling built a deep rapport with Frazer Hines. Photo © BBC

"The Americans are lovely – quite over-enthusiastic and over-the-top. When I did my first convention over there, they rang me up and said 'You'll need bodily protection.' I said 'do you mean thermal underwear?' I hadn't got a clue what they were talking about. Of course, it's bodyguards. I stuck it for a day. Then I said 'look, nobody is going to come up to me and pull my hair or any of that. I want to meet the people, they are good enough to come here.' But I always knew there was somebody about two steps behind trying not to be noticed.

"Even over here, you have the Hospitality Room, where you can all go back, which I do maybe twice a day, but the other times I walk around because you have to be seen, and you work as an actress twenty-four hours a day. That's why I'm there.

"If you go into Hospitality you meet the same old faces anyway, so I go in and have a quick word, then I'm out. If you stay in there all day I think 'well what are *they* doing here?' Token appearance, and I don't think that's what it's about, but there – that's my beef."

Although immediately after leaving *Doctor Who* Deborah saw little of Patrick Troughton and Frazer Hines, she never totally lost contact. "When I started to do the conventions in the mid-Eighties, I started to see Frazer again. Then we did a charity play, where I had to play this nymphomaniac nurse who had to leap on Frazer and seduce him. I said 'this is ridiculous, he's like a brother to me, whatever he says!' After a week the director said 'don't you think it's about time you two kissed now?' I said 'I can't kiss him', so he said 'just close your eyes and think of England, dear!' I have great affection for Frazer, and vice versa, hopefully.

"I used to get various messages when I was on tour that Pat would say 'hello Watling, you've got to come and see me'. We met about twice after I finished – my path went one way and his went another, and then he died. Sometimes Pat is mentioned in the conversation and Frazer and I will look at each other and say 'yes, that was our Pat", but we don't reminisce."

As well as husband Steve, Deborah's parents often accompany her to conventions, her mother doubling as wardrobe assistant while her father takes the stage beside her.

"I did a small convention at Clacton-on-Sea – it was dedicated to Alan Disdale, a great fan who died, unfortunately. Dad went there, and we had a panel together. It was a small convention of about two hundred people, and we auctioned off all Alan's *Who* collection. I did this long dedication to him, and I let myself go, I must admit. The audience let themselves go and so did Father, who didn't even know the man, really.

"He said to me afterwards 'Debbie, you're really genned up on this, aren't you? People talk to you about *Doctor Who* – not just the programme but you can go into the politics of it. I can't.' I said to him 'Look, Dad. You only did a couple of storylines but I did it for a whole year. It was a great part of my life, and without that, I wouldn't have this recognition today."

◆

Debbie, as she appeared in her first story *The Evil of the Daleks*. Photo © BBC

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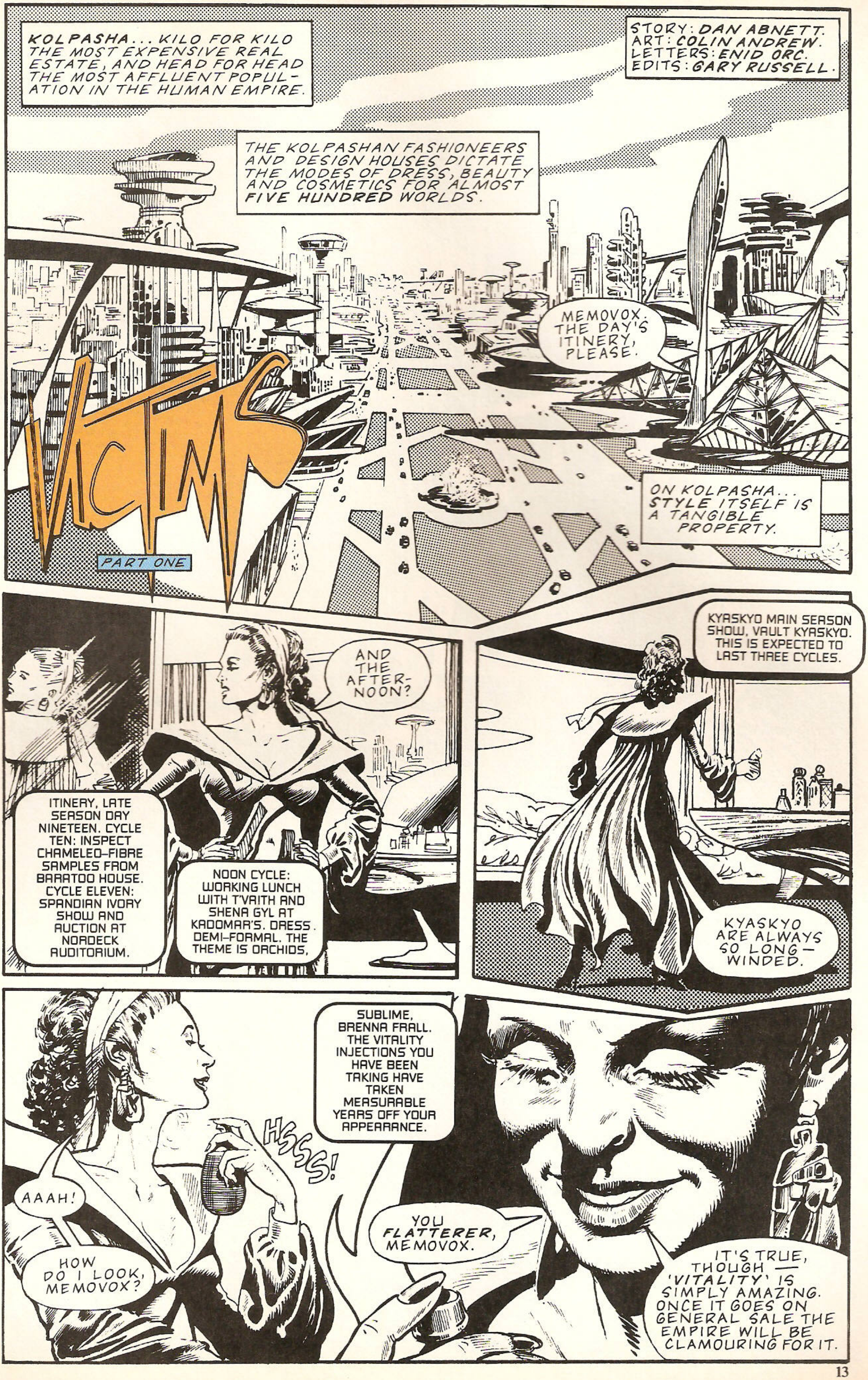
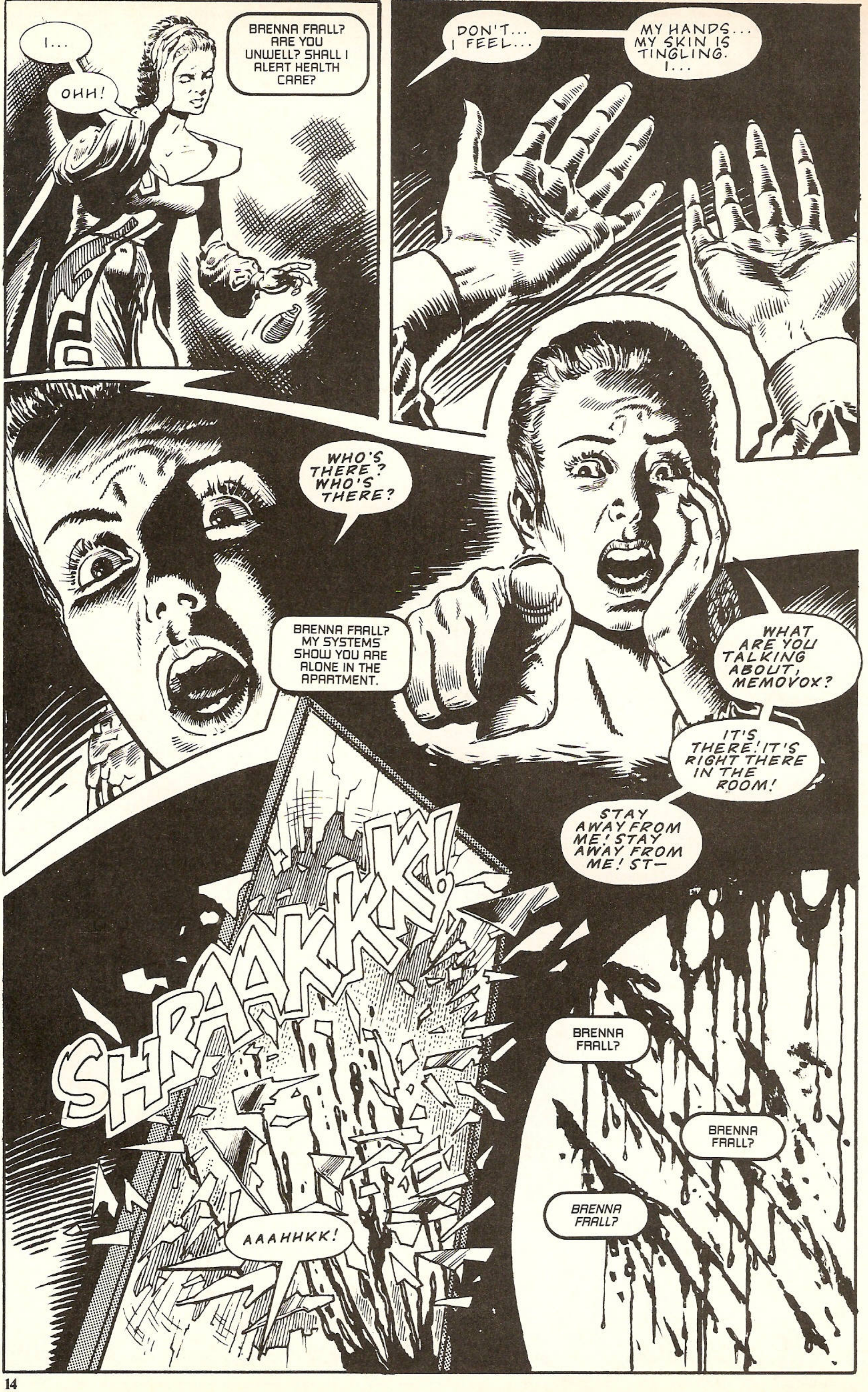
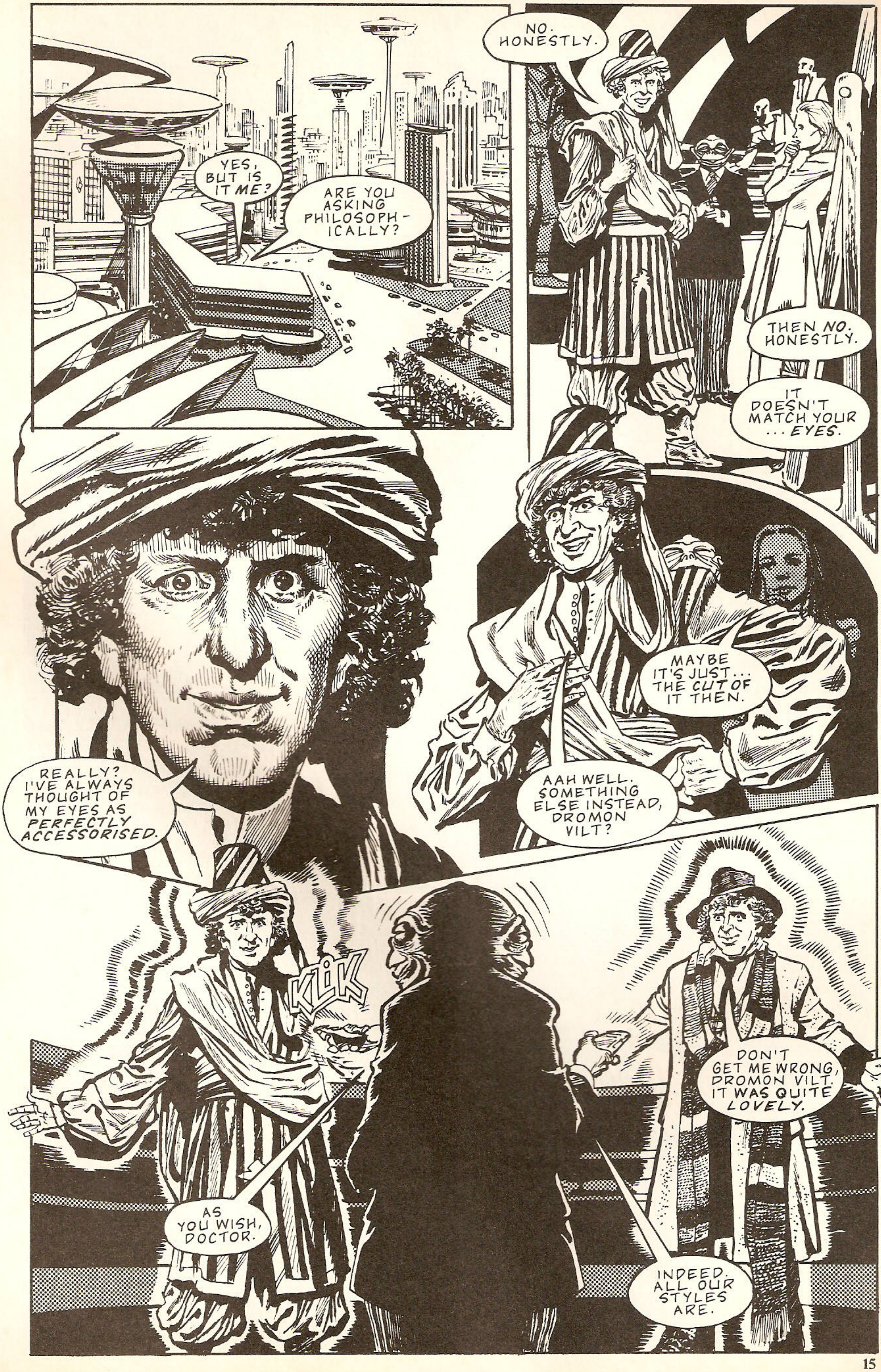
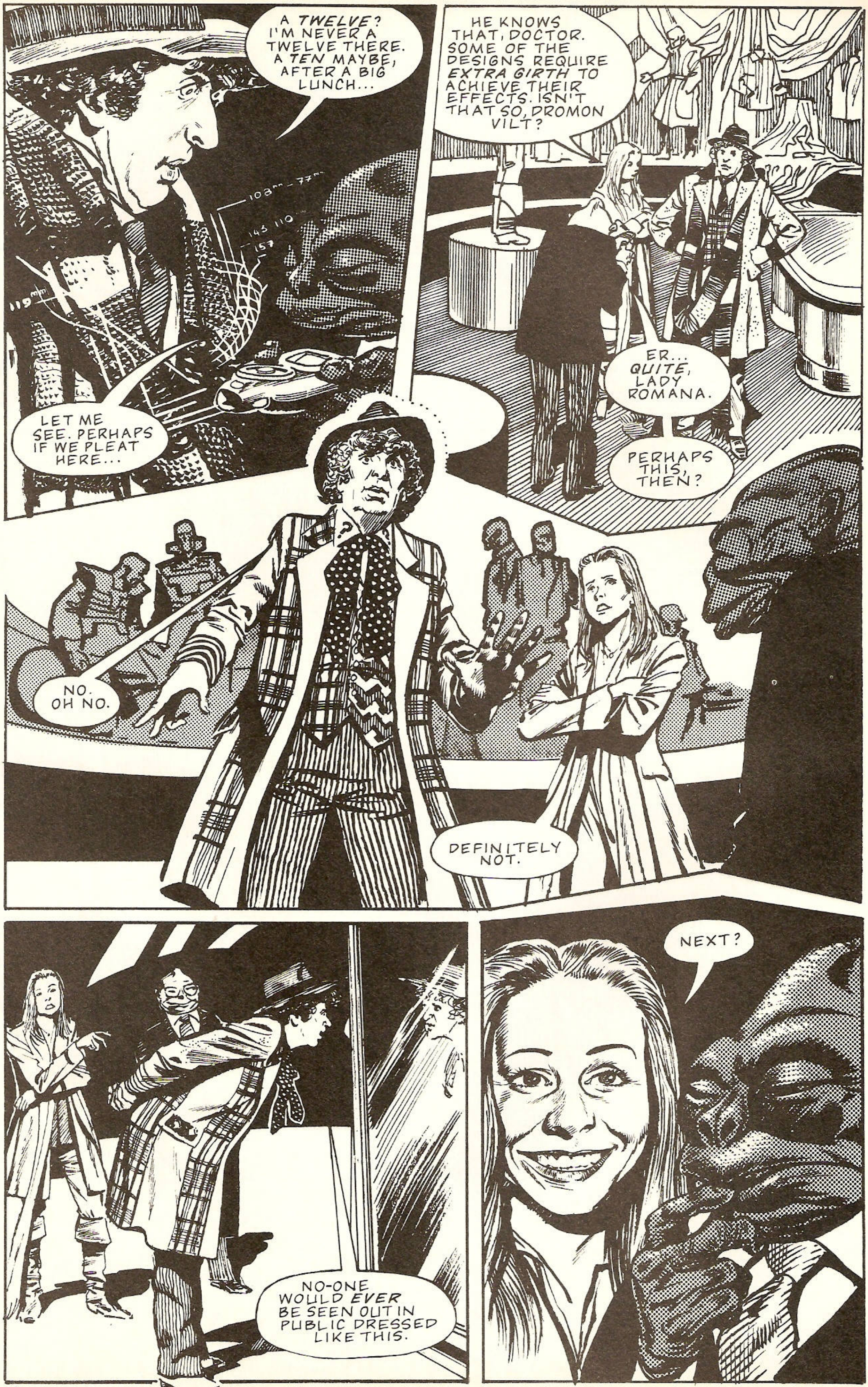
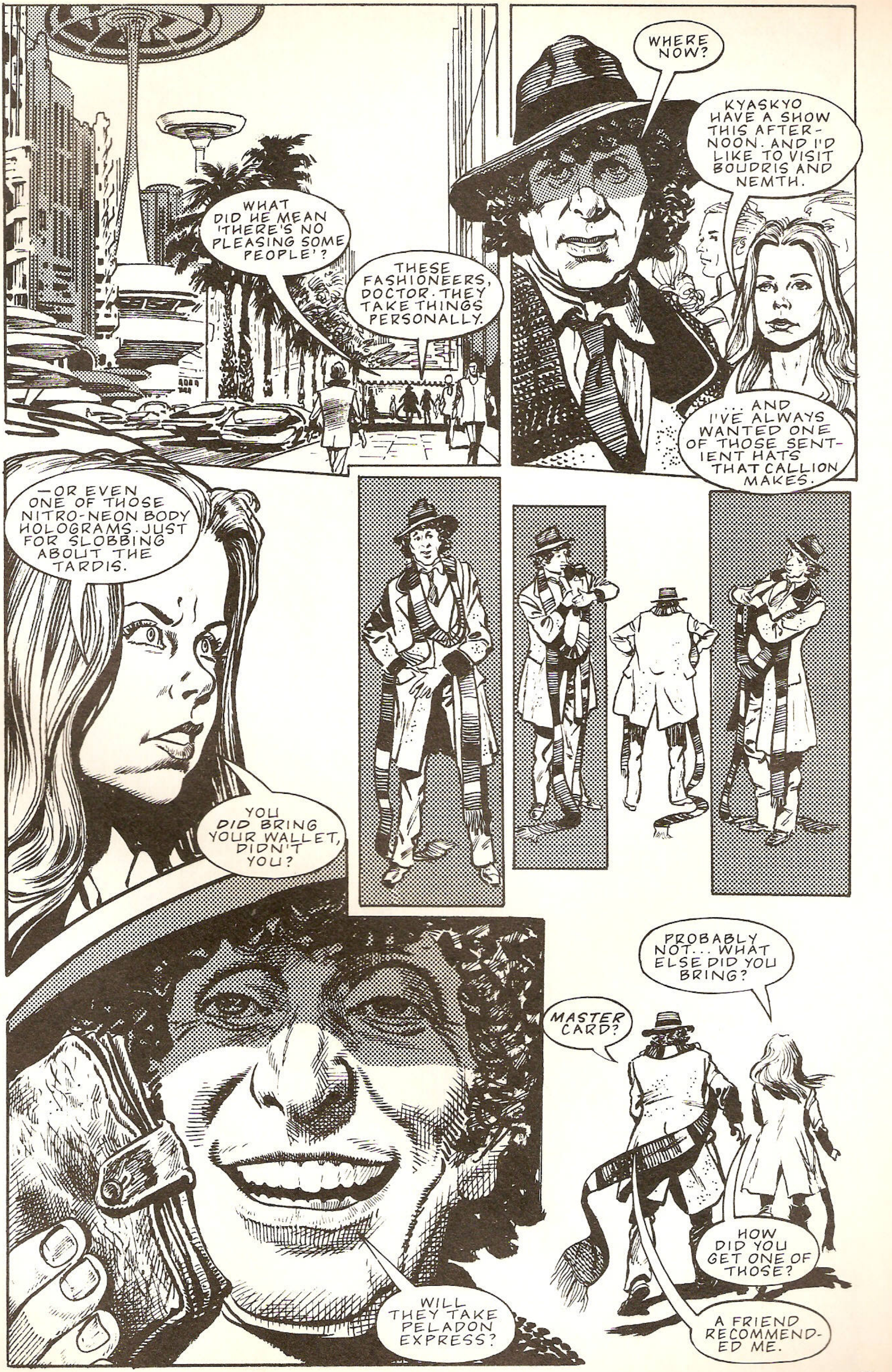
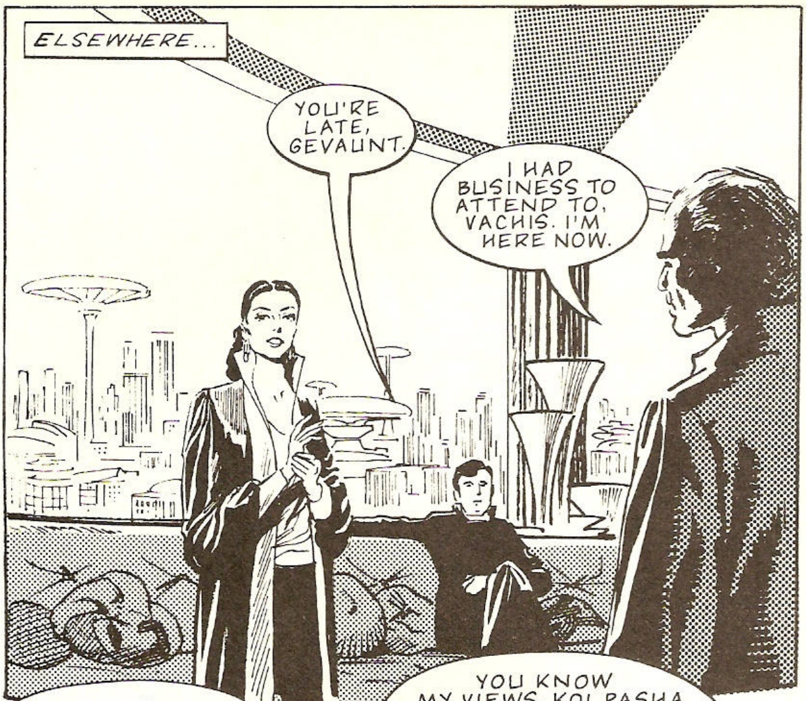

KOLPASHA... KILO FOR KILO THE MOST EXPENSIVE REAL ESTATE, AND HEAD FOR HEAD THE MOST AFFLUENT POPULATION IN THE HUMAN EMPIRE.
STORY: DAN ABNETT.
ART: COLIN ANDREW.
LETTERS: ENID ORC.
EDITS: GARY RUSSELL.
THE KOLPASHAN FASHIONEERS AND DESIGN HOUSES DICTATE THE MODES OF DRESS, BEAUTY AND COSMETICS FOR ALMOST FIVE HUNDRED WORLDS.
VICTIMS
PART ONE
MEMOVOX. THE DAY'S ITINERY, PLEASE.
ON KOLPASHA... STYLE ITSELF IS A TANGIBLE PROPERTY.
ITINERY, LATE SEASON DAY NINETEEN. CYCLE TEN: INSPECT CHAMELEO-FIBRE SAMPLES FROM BARATOO HOUSE. CYCLE ELEVEN: SPANDIAN IVORY SHOW AND AUCTION AT NORDECK AUDITORIUM.
NOON CYCLE: WORKING LUNCH WITH T'VAITH AND SHENA GYL AT KADOMAR'S. DRESS. DEMI-FORMAL. THE THEME IS ORCHIDS,
AND THE AFTERNOON?
KYASKYO MAIN SEASON SHOW, VAULT KYASKYO. THIS IS EXPECTED TO LAST THREE CYCLES.
KYASKYO ARE ALWAYS SO LONG-WINDED.
HSSSS!
AAAH!
HOW DO I LOOK, MEMOVOX?
SUBLIME, BRENNA FRALL. THE VITALITY INJECTIONS YOU HAVE BEEN TAKING HAVE TAKEN MEASURABLE YEARS OFF YOUR APPEARANCE.
YOU FLATTERER, MEMOVOX.
IT'S TRUE, THOUGH -- 'VITALITY' IS SIMPLY AMAZING. ONCE IT GOES ON GENERAL SALE THE EMPIRE WILL BE CLAMOURING FOR IT.

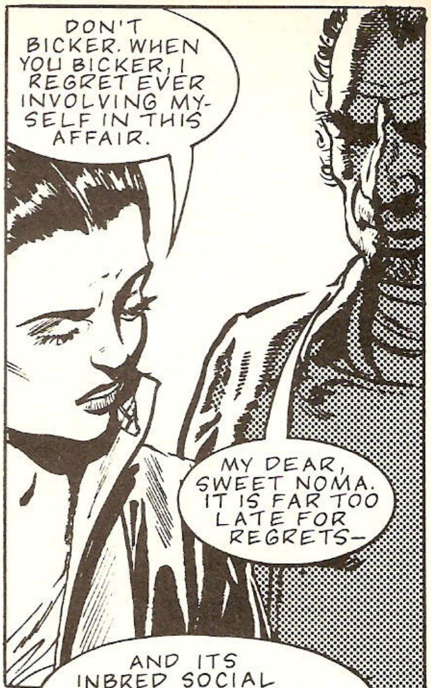

I...
OHH!
BRENNA FRALL? ARE YOU UNWELL? SHALL I ALERT HEALTH CARE?
DON'T... I FEEL...
MY HANDS... MY SKIN IS TINGLING. I...
WHO'S THERE? WHO'S THERE?
BRENNA FRALL? MY SYSTEMS SHOW YOU ARE ALONE IN THE APARTMENT.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MEMOVOX?
IT'S THERE! IT'S RIGHT THERE IN THE ROOM!
STAY AWAY FROM ME! STAY AWAY FROM ME! ST—
SHRAAKKK!
AAAHHKK!
BRENNA FRALL?
BRENNA FRALL?
BRENNA FRALL?

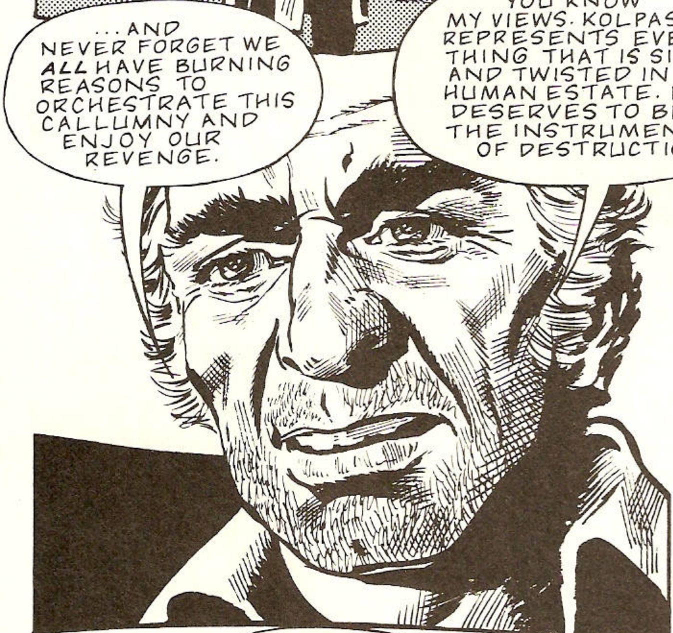

YES, BUT IS IT *ME*?
ARE YOU ASKING PHILOSOPHICALLY?
NO. HONESTLY.
THEN *NO*. HONESTLY.
IT DOESN'T MATCH YOUR ... *EYES*.
REALLY? I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF MY EYES AS *PERFECTLY ACCESSORISED*.
MAYBE IT'S JUST... THE *CUT* OF IT THEN.
AAH WELL. SOMETHING ELSE INSTEAD, DROMON VILT?
AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR.
KLIK
DON'T GET ME WRONG, DROMON VILT. IT *WAS* QUITE *LOVELY*.
INDEED. ALL OUR STYLES ARE.

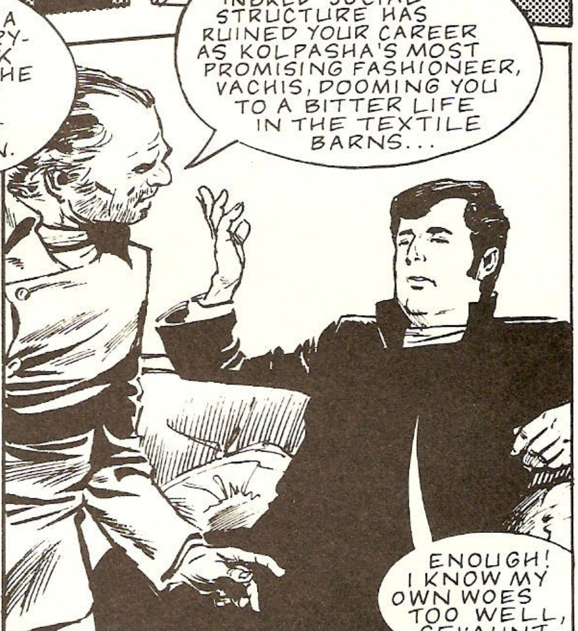

A *TWELVE*? I'M NEVER A TWELVE THERE. A *TEN* MAYBE, AFTER A BIG LUNCH...
108mm – 77mm
143 110
157
119mm
LET ME SEE. PERHAPS IF WE PLEAT HERE...
HE KNOWS THAT, DOCTOR. SOME OF THE DESIGNS REQUIRE *EXTRA GIRTH* TO ACHIEVE THEIR EFFECTS. ISN'T THAT SO, DROMON VILT?
ER... *QUITE*, LADY ROMANA.
PERHAPS THIS, THEN?
NO. OH NO.
DEFINITELY NOT.
NO-ONE WOULD *EVER* BE SEEN OUT IN PUBLIC DRESSED LIKE THIS.
NEXT?

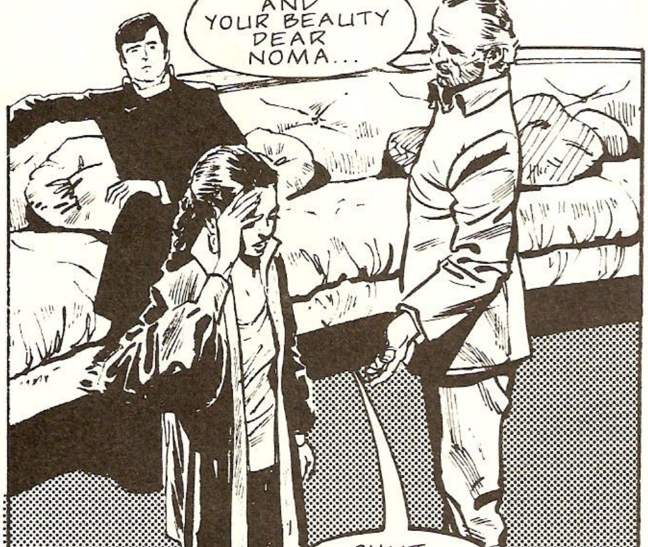

WHAT DID HE MEAN 'THERE'S NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE'?
THESE FASHIONEERS, DOCTOR. THEY TAKE THINGS PERSONALLY.
WHERE NOW?
KYASKYO HAVE A SHOW THIS AFTERNOON. AND I'D LIKE TO VISIT BOUDRIS AND NEMTH.
... AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE OF THOSE SENTIENT HATS THAT CALLION MAKES.
—OR EVEN ONE OF THOSE NITRO-NEON BODY HOLOGRAMS. JUST FOR SLOBBING ABOUT THE TARDIS.
YOU *DID* BRING YOUR WALLET, DIDN'T YOU?
WILL THEY TAKE PELADON EXPRESS?
PROBABLY NOT... WHAT ELSE DID YOU BRING?
MASTER CARD?
HOW DID YOU GET ONE OF THOSE?
A FRIEND RECOMMENDED ME.

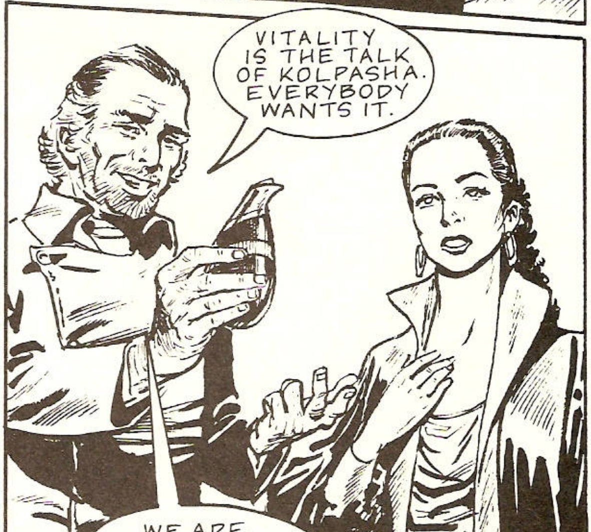

ELSEWHERE...
YOU'RE LATE, GEVAUNT.
I HAD BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO, VACHIS. I'M HERE NOW.

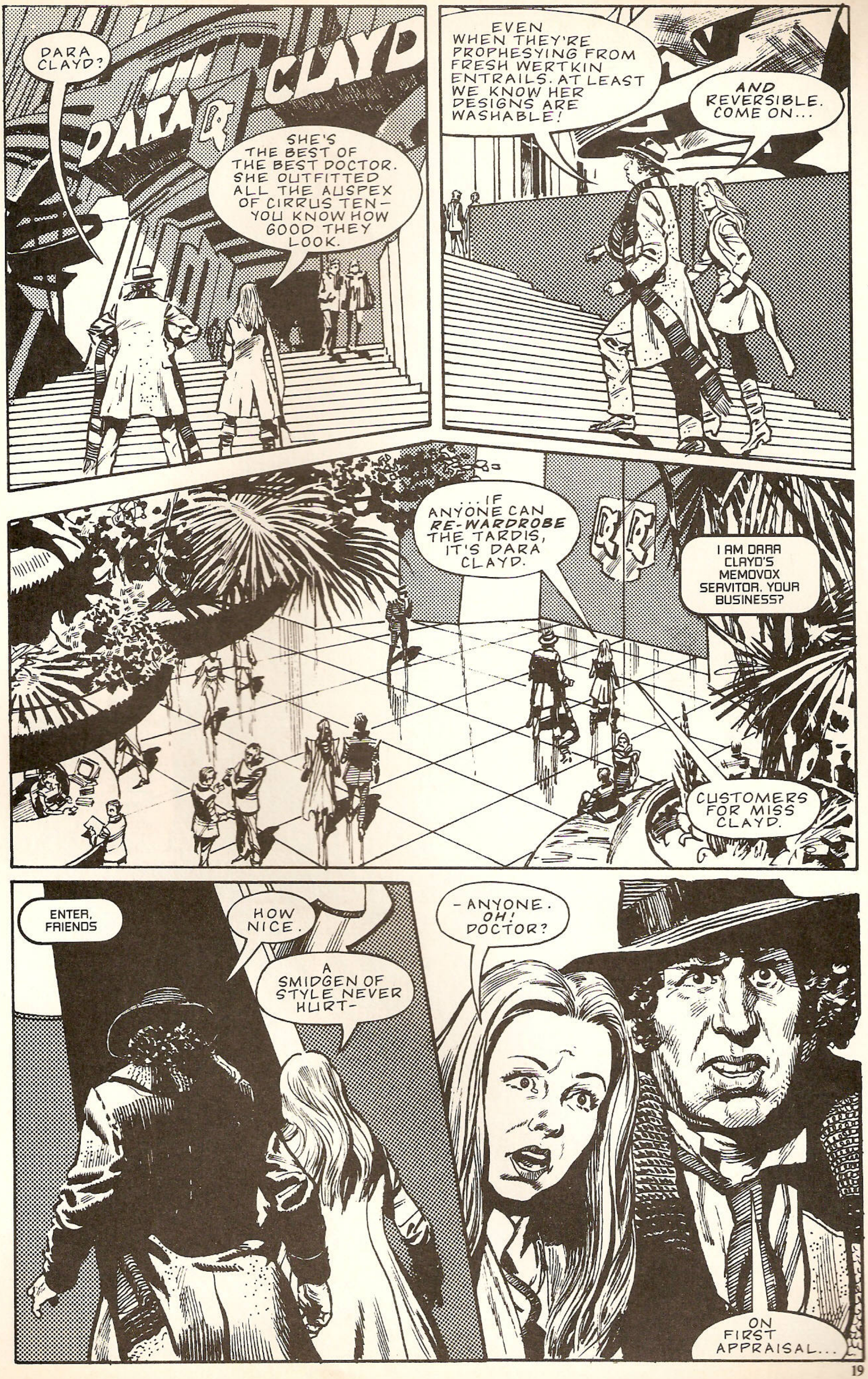

DON'T BICKER. WHEN YOU BICKER, I REGRET EVER INVOLVING MYSELF IN THIS AFFAIR.
MY DEAR, SWEET NOMA. IT IS FAR TOO LATE FOR REGRETS–

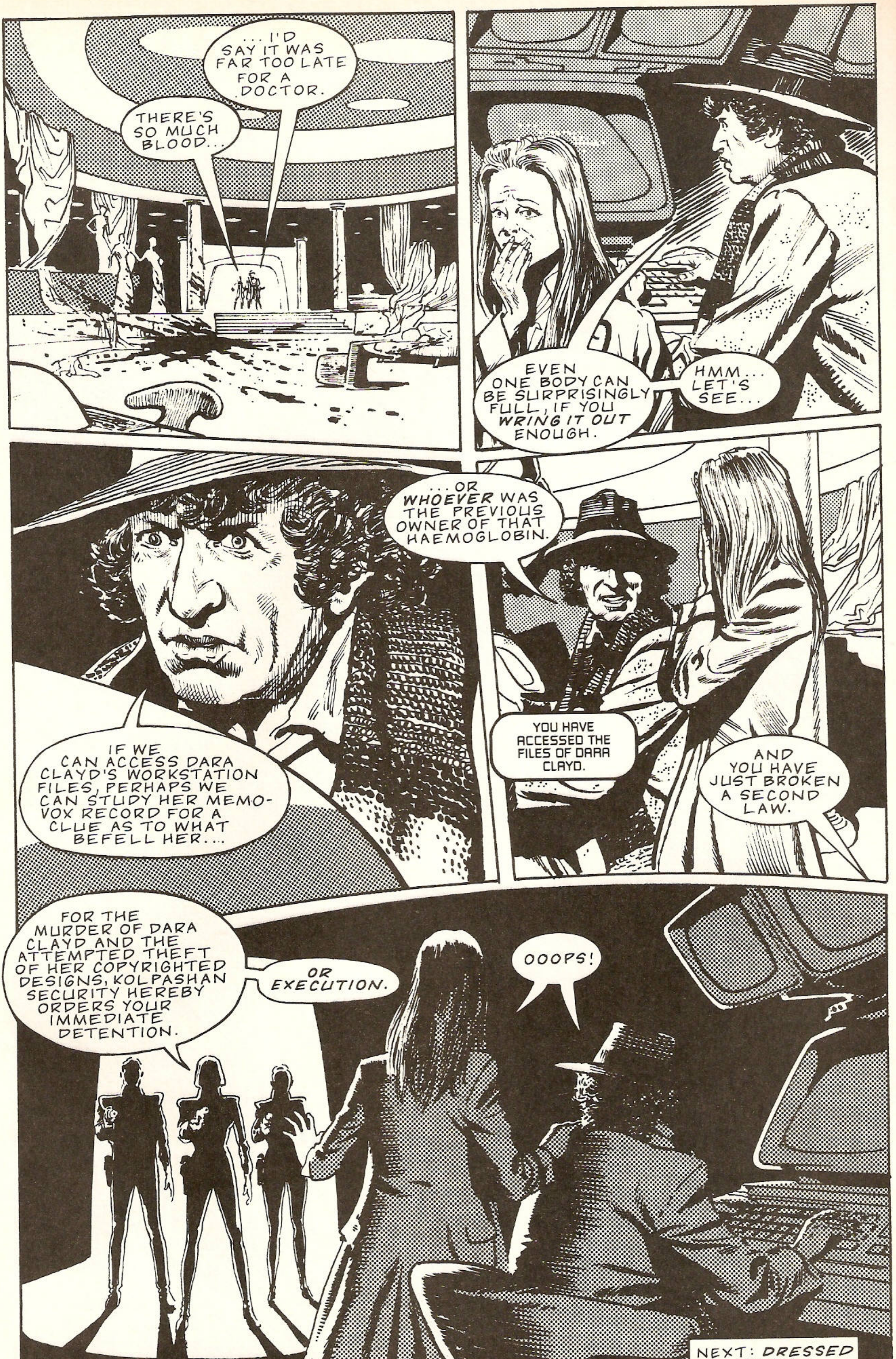

...AND NEVER FORGET WE ALL HAVE BURNING REASONS TO ORCHESTRATE THIS CALLUMNY AND ENJOY OUR REVENGE.
YOU KNOW MY VIEWS. KOLPASHA REPRESENTS EVERYTHING THAT IS SICK AND TWISTED IN THE HUMAN ESTATE. IT DESERVES TO BE THE INSTRUMENT OF DESTRUCTION.


AND ITS INBRED SOCIAL STRUCTURE HAS RUINED YOUR CAREER AS KOLPASHA'S MOST PROMISING FASHIONEER, VACHIS, DOOMING YOU TO A BITTER LIFE IN THE TEXTILE BARNS...
ENOUGH! I KNOW MY OWN WOES TOO WELL, GEVAUNT.


AND YOUR BEAUTY DEAR NOMA...
SHUT UP, GEVAUNT. JUST TELL US HOW THINGS ARE GOING.


VITALITY IS THE TALK OF KOLPASHA. EVERYBODY WANTS IT.
WE ARE CLOSE TO THE KILL, MY FRIENDS. VERY CLOSE INDEED.


DARA CLAYD
DARA CLAYD?
SHE'S THE BEST OF THE BEST DOCTOR. SHE OUTFITTED ALL THE AUSPEX OF CIRRUS TEN– YOU KNOW HOW GOOD THEY LOOK.
EVEN WHEN THEY'RE PROPHESYING FROM FRESH WERTKIN ENTRAILS. AT LEAST WE KNOW HER DESIGNS ARE WASHABLE!
AND REVERSIBLE. COME ON...
...IF ANYONE CAN *RE-WARDROBE* THE TARDIS, IT'S DARA CLAYD.
I AM DARA CLAYD'S MEMOVOX SERVITOR. YOUR BUSINESS?
CUSTOMERS FOR MISS CLAYD.
ENTER, FRIENDS
HOW NICE.
A SMIDGEN OF STYLE NEVER HURT–
–ANYONE. *OH!* DOCTOR?
ON FIRST APPRAISAL...


THERE'S SO MUCH BLOOD...
...I'D SAY IT WAS FAR TOO LATE FOR A DOCTOR.
EVEN ONE BODY CAN BE SURPRISINGLY FULL, IF YOU *WRING IT OUT* ENOUGH.
HMM... LET'S SEE...
IF WE CAN ACCESS DARA CLAYD'S WORKSTATION FILES, PERHAPS WE CAN STUDY HER MEMO-VOX RECORD FOR A CLUE AS TO WHAT BEFELL HER...
...OR *WHOEVER* WAS THE PREVIOUS OWNER OF THAT HAEMOGLOBIN.
YOU HAVE ACCESSED THE FILES OF DARA CLAYD.
AND YOU HAVE JUST BROKEN A SECOND LAW.
FOR THE MURDER OF DARA CLAYD AND THE ATTEMPTED THEFT OF HER COPYRIGHTED DESIGNS, KOLPASHAN SECURITY HEREBY ORDERS YOUR IMMEDIATE DETENTION.
OR EXECUTION.
OOOPS!
NEXT: *DRESSED TO KILL...*

THE WEB OF FEAR

EPISODE 4

by
Mervyn Haisman
and Henry Lincoln
directed by
Douglas Camfield
transmitted
24th February 1968

THE WEB OF FEAR

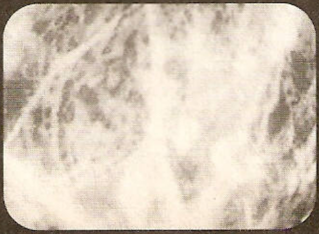
Leaning over the dead body of Weams, Professor Travers is overcome by a Yeti. Anne can only look on, powerless, as the Yeti drags the unconscious Professor away.

While the Doctor, Jamie, Victoria and Evans attempt to reach Covent Garden before Chorley, Lethbridge-Stewart meets up with Knight and his men. Knight reports failure in reaching Holborn – the fungus barred their way. They decide to try an alternate route, via Piccadilly.

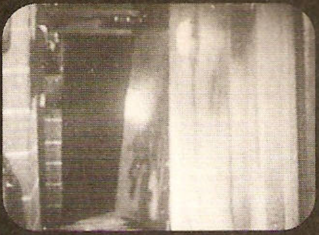
The Doctor's party similarly find their way barred by the web-like fungus. They wonder whether Chorley may have beaten them to it and already escaped in the TARDIS. The Doctor's curiosity soon gets the better of him, and he edges forward to examine the substance . . .

Keen to take a sample, the Doctor borrows Evans' tobacco tin, hastily emptying its contents first. "I only hope the sacrifice is worth it!" the soldier grumbles.

Drawing near the fungus, the Doctor takes his sample for analysis. To everyone's alarm, the mysterious substance seems to become active when touched. With a piece of fungus safely housed in the tin, they rapidly retreat.



Returning to HQ at Goodge Street the Doctor and his party are surprised to find the door wide open.



With dismay, they take in the scene of devastation that confronts them.

They soon discover Anne Travers, overcome and suffering from shock.

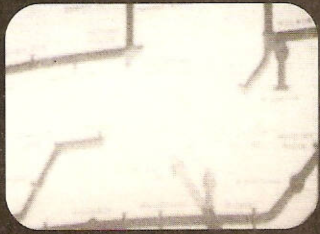
"My father," she mumbles hysterically. "The Yeti have taken him!" The Doctor tells Jamie to take her to the common room.

Confirming to Evans that Anne is telling the truth, the Doctor wonders aloud about the Yeti's motives. Surely they would have just killed the Professor unless they had a use for him . . .

Lethbridge-Stewart returns to be told that Weams is dead and the Professor is gone.

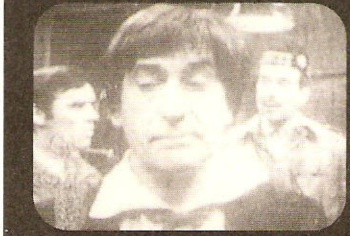
"They came for something," the Doctor grimly tells him, "and they got it."

The illuminated Underground map in the operations room indicates that the fungus is once again on the move, closing in on the Goodge Street fortress.



Agreeing that the map is beginning to resemble a spider's web, the Doctor notes that they are flies – "But where is the spider?" Lethbridge-Stewart asks the Doctor if he believes the traitor in their midst may be the Professor.

The Doctor suggests the also absent Chorley would make a much more likely suspect. The Colonel goes on to enquire about the power behind the Yeti and the deadly fungus – the Intelligence.



"Perhaps the best way to describe it," the Doctor explains, "is as a kind of formless, shapeless thing floating about in space like a cloud of mist . . . only, with a mind and will. The only thing I know for sure is that it brought me here."

Although Knight is incredulous when the Doctor describes his time/space craft, Lethbridge-Stewart immediately sees it as a means of evacuation.

The Doctor agrees that if the Police Box could be rescued from Covent Garden it could be used to escape. He insists, however, that he must stay and finish Travers' work.

After he is called away by Jamie, Knight and Lethbridge-Stewart are left alone to argue over the plausibility of the Doctor's story.

Ignoring Knight's protestations that the Doctor's story is "screwy", Lethbridge-Stewart decides to initiate the retrieval of the Police Box. Knight remains unconvinced that the Doctor isn't leading them into a trap . . .

The Doctor tells Anne that their only real hope of saving her father is by finding the Intelligence's central control source. The Doctor accompanies Anne to their laboratory so he can see how successful the Professor's experiments were.

Victoria reflects on the Doctor's observation that the Intelligence seems remarkably well-informed of their plans and progress. Jamie remains optimistic, confident the Doctor will soon find a way out.

"I only wish I could believe that," she replies.

The Doctor carefully examines the control sphere Professor Travers was working on. Anne then shows him a device her father invented to control the sphere, although the Doctor points out it would be unable to override the Intelligence's commands.

Anne and the Doctor decide to tackle the problem. Evans interrupts them to give the Doctor the model Yeti found by Weams' body. Anne immediately recognises it as the missing model, and the Doctor identifies it as a homing device.

Angry at being handed a potential time-bomb, the Doctor rounds on Evans, who starts panicking. Anne notices the other models have gone and Evans continues to protest his innocence. Anne and the Doctor begin dismantling the model.

Lethbridge-Stewart briefs his men on the operation to retrieve the Doctor's police box. He instructs Arnold, Lane and Evans to take a trolley to Covent Garden station while he takes a squad to the same location over land. The plan is to meet at the same time and escape with the police box.

The Doctor has turned his attention to the sample of fungus inside Evans' tobacco tin. Carefully handling the tin with protective gloves inside an observation dome, he is about to begin when Jamie enters.

Jamie tells the Doctor the Colonel is on his way to rescue the TARDIS – an exercise the Doctor immediately dismisses as a waste of time. Proceeding to open the tin he is shocked to find it empty. "Evans . . ." he mutters.

DOCTOR WHO

ARCHIVE FEATURE

Serial KK

THE FACELESS ONES

Photo © BBC

EPISODE 1 (drn: 23'47")

The TARDIS lands on a runway at Gatwick Airport and the Doctor, Jamie, Polly and Ben run in different directions to evade a policeman. Polly hides in a hangar used by Chameleon Tours, where she sees a CT officer use a ray gun to kill a man. While Ben sees the TARDIS being moved to Hangar Four on a lorry, Polly finds the Doctor and Jamie and relates her story. The Doctor goes to examine the body and finds the man has been electrocuted by a weapon not known on Earth, and determines to tell the authorities. The killer, Spencer, is directed by his superior, Blade, to kidnap Polly who can now identify him.

In the secret control room behind the hangar office, Blade learns that Spencer killed Detective Inspector Gascoigne, who had found "the postcards". The body is disposed of and Polly is sent for "processing".

The Doctor and Jamie arrive at Immigration where they are held since they have no passports. When the Commandant comes to investigate, they take him to the CT hangar and confront Captain Blade – but the body has gone. Back at Immigration, the Doctor and Blade suddenly see Polly, but the young woman claims not to know them at all.

Blade and Spencer carry a huddled form across the airport to the Medical Centre. There it is revealed as a hairless humanoid . . .

EPISODE 2 (drn: 25'22")

Frustrated by the claims of 'Michelle Leuppi' that she is not Polly, the Doctor and Jamie slip the Commandant's policemen and hide in the concourse. They see 'Michelle' working at the Chameleon Tours reception kiosk, and see an advert for budget Chameleon Youth Tours in a newspaper.

At the Medical Centre, a nurse operates equipment to turn the faceless alien into a duplicate of Air Traffic Controller George Meadows – the original wearing a white armband while the copy is given a black one. Ben finds the Doctor and Jamie, who have deduced that 'Michelle' knows about the murder. Ben is sent to search the hangar again, whilst the Doctor attempts to warn the Commandant. Blade calls 'Michelle' into the office behind the kiosk, and tells her to leave on the next flight. The next customer is Samantha Briggs, a Liverpudlian who is searching for her brother, Brian. Brian went on a Youth Tour to Rome, but the authorities cannot find him although she received a postcard from him. Jamie overhears her plight and befriends her.

The Commandant is visited by Detective Inspector Crossland, who is searching for both Brian Briggs and Gascoigne. When the Doctor enters Air Traffic Control the Commandant tries to have him arrested, and the Doctor runs off. In the hangar, Ben finds an entranced Polly in a packing case and attempts to telephone the Commandant from the office.

The Doctor investigates the CT kiosk, and sees Ben being attacked on a monitor screen. Racing to the hangar he finds Meadows, motionless in a crate, and then hears a voice calling. He is lured to the hangar office which seals itself. Spencer then fills the office with freezing gas . . .

EPISODE 3 (drn: 23'10")

The Doctor manages to block the gas inlets. When Spencer enters to check that the Doctor is dead, he is overpowered and the Doctor escapes with his freezing gun. He returns to the concourse to find that Jamie and Samantha have met Crossland. Crossland takes the Doctor to the Commandant, and the Doctor demonstrates the freezing gun. Jamie and Samantha search the CT hangar and find postcards written by youngsters, due to be sent to Chamäleon Reisen in Freiberg for mailing back to their parents in the UK. The Commandant allows the Doctor, now in Crossland's care, twelve hours to investigate further. Spencer recovers and orders 'Meadows' to plant a device on the Doctor that will eliminate him.

Crossland goes down to the CT kiosk, and is sent across to discuss his investigations with Blade on board the CT plane. Once there, Crossland discovers that the flight-deck is that of a spaceship, and finds himself captured by Blade and stewardess Ann Davidson.

At the hangar, the Doctor and Jamie find the secret control room and a monitor screen showing the Medical Centre. As they are leaving, Spencer operates the device placed by 'Meadows' by remote control, and the Doctor collapses. On the plane, Crossland is shown that the passengers have vanished . . .

EPISODE 4 (drn: 24'28")

Spencer enters the hangar and engages in a fight with Jamie, which results in both Jamie and Samantha being frozen. The pair recover, along with the Doctor, to find themselves tied up with a deadly ray of light sweeping towards them. A mirror from Samantha's bag reflects the beam allowing them to escape, and the Doctor and Jamie head for the Medical Centre where another alien has just assumed the identity of Immigration Officer Steven Jenkins. The nurse is obstructive, so the pair leave.

Concerned that Crossland has vanished, the Commandant learns from his secretary Jean Rock that CT never delivers passengers to any airport. He organises a fighter from RAF Manson to trace the next CT flight. The Doctor arrives and arranges with Jean to lure the nurse out of the Medical Centre with a pretend faint. Narrowly avoiding 'Jenkins', the Doctor gets back to the Centre and finds the real nurse in a trance-like state. He pockets some of the armbands.

Desperate to find Brian, Samantha buys a CT ticket to Rome. A worried Jamie steals this and boards the plane himself, while Samantha is lured into the kiosk by Spencer and captured. On the plane, Jamie feels ill and spends the flight in the toilet as the other passengers vanish.

Gatwick tracks the CT plane, but the RAF jet following it is destroyed by Blade when he spots it. The plane then becomes stationary and vanishes from the radar – causing the Doctor to surmise it is in outer space. The VC10 converts into a spacecraft, and soon docks with a space station.

EPISODE 5 (drn: 23'34")

Jamie sneaks off the plane and finds a room on the satellite that contains all the missing humans in miniaturised, inert form. He is found by Ann Davidson and two faceless aliens. Imprisoned, he is confronted by Crossland. However, this is merely the Director of the aliens who has taken the inspector's form.

In Air Traffic Control, the Doctor persuades the Commandant to have 'Meadows' restrained. When threatened with the removal of his black sheath, 'Meadows' explains that his people lost their identities due to an explosion on their planet, and are now dying. Their scientists have found a way for them to adopt the physical characteristics of others, and they have kidnapped fifty thousand youngsters, held one hundred and fifty miles above Earth in a satellite. With 'Meadows' help, the Doctor gains access to the Medical Centre where he rescues Samantha from Nurse Pinto. 'Pinto' tries to shoot 'Meadows', but he rips the white sheath from the real nurse and the alien disintegrates. The real Nurse Pinto recovers.

Blade arrives back at Gatwick to collect all the Chameleon personnel. Nurse Pinto pretends to be her alien double, while the Doctor claims he is 'Meadows', having undergone reprocessing. The Commandant's people search the airport for the twenty-five missing personnel replaced by Chameleons, so they can help the Doctor's plan. The Doctor and Pinto reach the satellite on the Chameleons' flight, only to find that Blade has realised their true identity and captures them . . .

EPISODE 6 (drn: 23'08")

The Doctor is brought before two senior Chameleons who have the identities of Crossland and Jamie. He claims that the Commandant has located the twenty-five originals at Gatwick and that if their sheaths are removed, their equivalents on the satellite will die. When contacted, the Commandant does his best to support the Doctor's bluff, but Blade sees through the deception. The Director decides both the Doctor and Pinto will be processed.

Searching the CT kiosk, Jean and Samantha find a list of twenty-five car registrations. Despite an attack from 'Meadows', the girls find the vehicles containing the missing personnel, and remove the armband on Jenkins. On the satellite, 'Jenkins' disintegrates, and the Commandant threatens to do the same to Blade next. Blade takes control, gunning down the Director and 'Jamie' when they refuse to obey his orders, and agrees that all the kidnapped youngsters will be restored to normal if they can continue to live in their faceless form. The Doctor negotiates the operation, and tells Blade that he will help the alien scientists with some ideas. Jamie, Crossland, Polly and Ben are rescued.

Later at Gatwick, the Commandant thanks the Doctor for his help and Samantha kisses Jamie goodbye. Polly and Ben realise it is 20th July 1966, the day they left Earth with the First Doctor, and opt to remain. The Doctor reveals to Jamie that the TARDIS has been stolen from outside the hangar . . .

The Faceless Ones arose from a storyline submission in 1966 from two writers whose previous attempts to work on *Doctor Who* had been unsuccessful. The writers, Malcolm Hulke and David Ellis had met earlier that year and had discussed story ideas for various projects. It was Ellis who that they could attempt to write for *Doctor Who.*

Hulke had started writing with Eric Paice in 1958, and it had been their work on *Target Luna*, a 1960 science-fiction adventure serial for ABC, and they created three successful sequels. In 1962, Hulke teamed up with his then-lodger Terrance Dicks on *The Avengers* at ABC.

Because of his work on the ABC serials, Hulke was one of the writers first approached for *Doctor Who* in 1963. His first six-part storyline, submitted in September 1963, *The Hidden Planet,* was commissioned in December 1963 by story editor David Whitaker as the seventh serial of Season One. Concerning a planet which was the mirror image of Earth but orbiting the far side of the sun, *The Hidden Planet* was dropped from the first season (after one script had been written) and finally abandoned totally by October 1964. Also in September 1963, Hulke had submitted another six-episode idea about the Romans leaving Britain around 400 AD (*Britain AD408*), and although tentatively scheduled as Serial F with Christopher Barry directing, it was soon dropped. Hulke's revised versions of *The Hidden Planet* and *Britain AD408* were both later rejected by Whitaker's successor as story editor, Dennis Spooner, in April 1965.

David Ellis had been a regular contributor to *Dixon of Dock Green* and *Z Cars* for several years. He had been trying to write for *Doctor Who* since April 1966 when he submitted three storylines to then-story editor Gerry Davis: *The People Who Couldn't Remember, The Ocean Liner* and *Doctor Who and the Clock.* Whilst the last two entries were rejected immediately *The People Who Couldn't Remember* actually made it to script-form before being abandoned in June 1966.

THE BIG STORE

A commission was offered to Hulke by Gerry Davis. The original four-part storyline underwent about four drafts before emerging as a set of scripts dated 15th November 1966. Entitled *The Big Store*, it involved the First Doctor with Polly and Ben.

The Big Store concerned alien infiltration of a department store in England, 1973. In the draft for Episode 1, the TARDIS landed in the store one night. The Doctor sets off to find electronic spares to repair a fault in his ship (onto which the Doctor hangs a 'Police Recruitment Week' sign). At the same time, three men in 1973-style suits are on the roof awaiting the arrival of a flying saucer. Identified only by numbers, they are No. 1 (a ruthless commander), No. 50 (a heavy) and No. 739 (a weak-willed scientist). The new arrival is No. 800, a ruthless black-clad scientist who has come to get No. 739's work back on schedule.

While the Doctor is in the electrical department, Polly and Ben see a smartly dressed couple placing food in electric shopping trolleys from the food hall, and follow them to the sub-basement. As the Doctor examines some cinemascope television sets, he sees an image of No. 1 helping No. 800 choose suitable Earth attire in Men's Clothing. The smart couple from the food hall, Z and L, report the presence of intruders (Polly and Ben) to No. 1 who orders them disposed of. Polly, trying on a 1973-style jacket, is terrified at the episode climax when the dummy she has removed the garment from comes to life and tries to strangle her.

The remaining three episodes revealed that there are only a handful of aliens on Earth. These beings are colonists of a galactic empire, but although their plans for Earth seem heartless and cruel, Hulke was keen that each of the aliens should be seen as individuals and not just as 'invading monsters'. This extended to the final scripts for *The Faceless Ones* in which 'Meadows' was willing to expose 'Nurse Pinto' and Captain Blade was shown to be a more rational character than his ruthless superior.

Two distinctly different varieties of the species were at work in *The Big Store*; the Master race referred to by numbers, and a mindless slave race identified by letters which posed as the faceless display dummies. These 'raw' chameleons were then having their appearances altered – as L and Z already had – to replace humans kidnapped in the store. The original humans were then frozen and flown away on board the spaceships. The plan to conquer Earth using a strain of Bubonic Plague was averted by the Doctor, who persuaded the aliens to depart from Earth peacefully.

THE CHAMELEONS

Although Davis and producer Innes Lloyd found *The Big Store* fascinating, they felt that the setting was wrong. Lloyd was keen to bring *Doctor Who* into more realistic territory and it was felt that an airport setting would be more recognisable for viewers. Hulke and Ellis were asked to drastically rewrite *The Big Store* and turn it into a six-part story (something Lloyd wanted to reintroduce to save costs) featuring the current line-up of characters on the show (i.e. the Second Doctor and Jamie) and set at an airport. As a result of this, *The Big Store* was officially abandoned (the writers were not paid for the storyline) and they began work on a new adventure that would become *The Faceless Ones*. On Monday 2nd January, Serial KK was extended from four to six episodes and shortly afterwards, Serial LL was similarly extended from four to seven parts. Michael Craze and Anneke Wills (playing Ben and Polly) were contracted up to what would have been the end of LL, which now became Episode 2 of *The Evil of the Daleks*.

A storyline for Episodes 1 to 4 of *Doctor Who and the Chameleons* or *The Chameleons*, as the serial had been renamed, was submitted on Saturday 7th January. These episodes were close to the finished version, but with a few variations. An opening scene saw Fenton and his co-pilot Smith inside a cockpit almost landing their plane on top of the TARDIS on the runway. London Airport was fogbound, and it was in this that Polly saw Gascoigne being killed close to a Pied Piper Tours plane commanded by Captain Quinn. In Episode 2, Mary Dawson was introduced, searching for her brother Brian who had gone missing. The Doctor (referred to as Doctor Who or just Who) investigated the Pied Piper hangar with Ben, and the two were almost crushed by a falling engine. They failed to find Polly, who was to be seen in the cliffhangar motionless inside a crate. In Episode 3, Ben and Mary found the real Polly in the hangar while her double worked for Pied Piper; Nurse O'Brien processed another Chameleon at the Medical Centre and Jamie spent most of his time being chased around London Airport by Jenkins or the police. In Episode 4, it was Ben who stole Mary's Pied Piper ticket, while Jamie helped the Doctor at the Medical Centre.

THE COMMISSION

Davis liked this storyline and the pair were commissioned for Episode 1 on Friday 13th January. Meantime, Hulke and Ellis visited Maurice Housego, the Public Relations Officer at London Airport to discuss technical aspects in their story. With the script of Episode 1 satisfactory, the remaining five episodes were requested on Tuesday 7th February. However, by now a radical change was required for the later episodes. Lloyd decided that the characters of Polly and Ben were not working well, and that three companions made the stories difficult to plot. Hulke recalled that Lloyd had gone off both Wills and Craze, particularly Wills whom he reportedly now found temperamental. Lloyd decided with Davis that the contracts for Wills and Craze would not be renewed.

On Wednesday 8th February, Lloyd asked Hulke and Ellis to eliminate Polly and Ben after the first two episodes (although they could feature in a film sequence for Episode 6), and introduce a new female character who could possibly become a companion. A similar directive was given to David Whitaker who, at the time, was developing *The Evil of the Daleks*. The writers developed the character of Mary Dawson as a possible regular. Wills and Craze were told that their payments up to Episode 2 of *The Evil of the Daleks* would be honoured, even though they would not be needed. Frazer Hines was contracted for both *The Faceless Ones* and *The Evil of the Daleks* on Wednesday 8th.

The revised outlines of Episodes 3 and 4 plus the storylines of Episodes 5 and 6 were done over Friday 10th and Saturday 11th February. Ben and Polly were removed after Episode 2, shifting the emphasis onto Jamie and Cleopatra 'Cleo' Briggs (the renamed Mary Dawson). The character of Quinn was renamed Blade at this point. Within a few days, a synopsis issued on Wednesday 15th February had the tour company called Chameleon Tours. The cliffhangar to Episode 1 was Ben and Jamie meeting Polly's double; the end of Episode 2 was Crossland being trapped on board the CT plane after investigating the Doctor's suspicions and Episode 5 had Cleo and Jamie working together at London Airport.

Back on Thursday 9th February, an approach had been made to London Airport for permission to film *The Chameleons* there from Wednesday 8th March in the vicinity of the Fields area, and Field Aircraft Service Ltd. had proved co-operative. An approach was also made to Gatwick Airport a few days later, and when Gatwick also offered to help, it was decided to use this venue. Field Aircraft Services were thanked for their help on Tuesday 21st February, and paid off with tickets for *The Rolf Harris Show*. By Thursday 2nd March, the British Airports Authority gave clearance to film at Gatwick from Friday 10th to Tuesday 14th March.

Polly, played by Anneke Wills, was one of the casualties of producer Innes Lloyd's changing attitudes to the regular cast. Photo © BBC

Around Wednesday 1st March, Serial LL was retitled *The Faceless Ones*. Rewrites on Episodes 2 to 5 were requested on Monday 6th March, with further work on the last three scripts on Wednesday 22nd March. There were various minor alterations over the month, such as Cleopatra Briggs becoming Samantha Briggs and Nurse O'Brien being renamed Nurse Pinto. In Episode 1 (which was accorded the individual episode title of *The Chameleons*), the policeman who chased the TARDIS crew had an alsation dog with him, Gascoigne was an extra with no dialogue and Nurse O'Brien appeared briefly at the end of the episode. In Episode 3, the Doctor was to rip off his shirt sleeves to plug the freezing jets at the start of the instalment, and later on the device which Meadows planted on the Doctor was to be a fake button, activated by the Doctor's body heat to sink a deadly telescopic needle into his body. Episode 4 had Spencer leaving the lazer (sic) gun to boil and then explode a bottle of water as it swept towards the Doctor, Sam and Jamie – the bursting noise awakening them.

Episodes 5 and 6 had a variety of changes. Originally, Meadows was to be unmasked as a Chameleon at the end of Episode 4, and his speech revealing their plans in Episode 5 was longer, explaining that a nuclear reactor on his world had exploded causing the catastrophe, and that it took four weeks to drain the life and personality from a human original – during which the arm sheaths were needed. The Commandant was to have the Medical Centre taken apart by police and firemen to find the missing personnel, and in one speech the Doctor said "I'm a Chameleon that's been processed twice! Once to become Meadows and secondly to Doctor Who!"

The original script of Episode 6 was too long, starting with Blade bluffing the Doctor into revealing his true identity with his knowledge of the fact that the Chameleon Tours setup had only been running three weeks – none of the race having fully adopted their new identities. There were sequences of 'Meadows' disguising himself as a policeman to attack Jean and Sam in the car park. 'Crossland' and 'Jamie' were originally to get the better of Spencer and Blade on the satellite, whilst Ann Davidson was found in the car park and her sheath removed causing her counterpart to die. Nurse Pinto removed 'Jamie's' sheath causing the real Jamie to recover on another part of the satellite, and the Doctor relayed his messages over the PA system to revive the real Crossland. These revisions were made during early April.

DOUBLE BLUFFS

Throughout the scripts, the writers were careful to indicate how the illusion of artistes being in two places at once (ie original and duplicate) could be achieved. The script was structured so that wherever possible the duplicates did not meet the originals, or that intercutting between the same actor would be achieved by a mixture of film inserts and video recording (as with

►

Episode 6 where the real Jenkins is on film and his duplicate in studio). Blade's original never appeared and Anneke Wills played only her Chameleon duplicate for Episode 2. The only technically challenging section was a scene in Episode 5 where the real Nurse Pinto was found in a scene involving her look-alike.

The date in Episode 6 was stated as July 20th, 1966. According to Ben this was exactly the day that he and Polly had left to start their travels with the Doctor in *The War Machines.* This proved a minor continuity error, since in the earlier serial the climactic events of Episode 4 appeared to be taking place on July 15th (and to add to the confusion, *The War Machines* Episode 1 stated that July 16th was a Monday, whilst July 16th 1966 was a Saturday).

The director of *The Faceless Ones* was Gerry Mill, who had been a production assistant on *The Massacre. The Faceless Ones* was to be one of his first assignments, although some documentation shows that at one time he was to direct the previous serial, *The Macra Terror.*

Joining the *Doctor Who* team during Spring 1967 was an associate producer: Peter Bryant. Bryant had been a radio announcer, as well as a writer and director, but in the Fifties had branched out into acting – most notably in the BBC soap opera *The Groves.* Bryant then became a writer for radio, joining the Radio Drama Department as a script editor, and becoming Head of the Drama Script Unit. Returning to work on television in 1966, he contacted the BBC's Head of Serials, to enquire about a vacancy as a story editor. Innes Lloyd was keen to quit as producer of *Doctor Who,* Bryant was seen a possible replacement. As an associate story editor in December 1966, Bryant was assigned to trail Lloyd as associate producer on *The Faceless Ones* and *The Evil of the Daleks,* followed by six months as script editor during 1967, becoming producer in the new year.

Two costume designers worked on *The Faceless Ones.* The fourth recording block up to *The Moonbase* had been handled by Sandra Reid, but she had been taken ill early in 1967, and the job had reverted to her predecessor Daphne Dare. After a few weeks break, Reid reassumed her post on the series during *The Faceless Ones.* The set designer was Geoff Kirkland, who had handled the chores on *The Highlanders* a few months earlier. As with the rest of the recording block, Gillian James handled make-up.

CASTING ADRIFT

The early drafts of the rehearsal scripts made it clear that Samantha Briggs was not going to be a new companion. Although Innes Lloyd had asked the actress concerned if she wished to stay, she declined. Cast as Samantha was Pauline Collins, a young actress who would later be famous for *Upstairs, Downstairs,* its spin-off series based around her character *Thomas and Sarah, Forever Green* and the film *Shirley Valentine.*

The plan was to start filming on *The Faceless Ones* by spending Wednesday 8th March 1967 and Friday 10th March doing pick-up shots at Gatwick Airport. Monday 13th and Tuesday 14th would then be devoted to shooting the model work at Ealing. Three more days location shooting would then take place at Gatwick from Wednesday 15th March, during rehearsals for the studio recording of *The Macra Terror* Episode 3.

The filming schedule was revised to start on Friday 10th March at Gatwick. The first scene to be filmed on 35mm stock was on the concourse of the terminal, showing Blade and Spencer taking the Chameleon to the Medical Centre in Episode 1. Extra Barrie Dupres played the muffled alien, and Terence Denville stood in for Blade as it was a long shot. After this, some film of Ann Davidson walking towards the Chameleon Tours booking kiosk was filmed with actress Gilly Fraser (wife of former *Who* star Peter Purves) for Episode 2. The afternoon saw the arrival of Frazer Hines from rehearsals on *The Macra Terror* Episode 2, to film scenes of Jamie wandering around the airport in Episode 2 and being checked onto his flight by Ann in Episode 4. The other shots of the afternoon showed two policemen searching the concourse in Episode 6. Also required this day was Pauline Collins. Very few interiors were shot because of the general public.

After the weekend, work resumed at Gatwick on Monday 13th March with the four regular cast members who were not required in rehearsals for *The Macra Terror* Episode 3 that day. Filming took place on the runway and hangar areas, starting with the goodbye scenes for Episode 6. The opening of Episode 1 with the TARDIS arriving and the policeman chasing the quartet was filmed in the afternoon. The day also required a chauffeur-driven black Zodiac to be present for the scenes at the end of Episode 6. BBC photographers took stills during rehearsals of the scenes in which the Doctor and Jamie hide behind aircraft wheels in Episode 1. James Appleby was the policeman who chased the TARDIS crew in Episode 1.

Filming the next day did not require the regulars and focussed on the guest cast of Pauline Collins and Gilly Fraser now joined by Wanda Ventham, Chris Tranchell and George Selway. All this material was shot for Episode 6, showing Meadows shaking off his police escort (Robin Dawson) and then watching as Sam and Jean searched the cars, finding the real Jenkins. Of the cast, Tranchell had appeared in *Doctor Who* before, playing Roger in *The Massacre: War of God* to *Priest of Death.*

The next two days were spent at Stages 3A and 3B of the BBC's Television Film Studios at Ealing. This was for model filming principally involving two miniatures and some back projection. The models were the Chameleon Tours VC10 which converted into a torpedo-like spaceship and the Chameleon Headquarters satellite which it docked with in Earth's orbit. All this material, seen in Episodes 4 to 6, was made on silent 35mm film. It was now that problems started with Shawcraft (Modelmakers) of Uxbridge, specialist props builders used by the design department since 1963. They built the Chameleon aeroplane and satellite.

However, Mill was not impressed when Shawcraft delivered the satellite and offered no suggestions on how it should be mounted. The opening hatch which admitted the spacecraft had not been finished correctly either. A bulb at the base of the satellite blew, and Shawcraft had not got a replacement. It was thirty minutes before a replacement was located and fitted, and overall two and a half hours were lost. Filming was underway by 5pm and all the aircraft shots were achieved. It was then that the satellite – suspended on a single wire at Shawcraft's suggestion – proved too heavy. The wire snapped, and the satellite fell to the floor. Mill had Shawcraft repair the model overnight and filmed the following day. He was unimpressed by the firm's work, and conveyed his opinions to Lloyd, who in turn warned other directors about Shawcraft's performance. Starting with *The Evil of the Daleks,* special effects were assigned to the BBC's own visual effects team and Shawcraft were not used again.

The final day at Gatwick was Friday 17th, and again required the regulars who were still rehearsing *The Macra Terror.* Part of the filming was to cover some sequences for Episode 1 which it had not been possible to complete on Monday 13th, and so James Appleby was rehired. Scenes of Spencer kidnapping Polly were filmed at the airfield, along with shots of the TARDIS being driven to Hangar 4 on the back of a lorry. Collins, Winding and Fraser were also needed on location for a few extra shots. The freezing gun used by Spencer, made by Shawcraft, broke – and the firm took three days to have the prop collected, repaired and returned. There were also shots of two motorcycle police being dispatched from the terminal building, and one of the hangars was dressed with the CT logo for scenes in Episode 1.

By Tuesday 21st March, Mill had viewed the model footage and decided that some of it was unusable. Stage 3A at Ealing was booked again for Tuesday 11th April so that an improved version of the satellite could be used in a remount, this time using a smoke feed and a wind machine for some shots.

NEW FACES

Rehearsals for *The Faceless Ones* ran from Tuesday to Friday each week starting on Tuesday 28th March at St. Helens Church Hall in St. Helens Gardens. Joining the cast now were two of the guest stars, Colin Gordon and Donald Pickering. Gordon was known mainly for British comedy films, but had just filmed two episodes of *The Prisoner.* Pickering had many film and television credits, and had appeared in *Doctor Who* before, as Eyesen in the final two episodes of *The Keys of Marinus.*

After transmission of *The Macra Terror* Episode 4 on Saturday 1st April 1967, a trailer of film sequences from *The Faceless Ones* Episode 1 was screened on BBC1. Later that same evening, Episode 1 of *The Faceless Ones* was recorded, only a week in advance of transmission. Each instalment was made at Lime Grove Studio D on Saturday evenings and edited throughout the week for transmission the next weekend.

Throughout the serial, Film Centre International provided silent 35mm stock footage of aircraft and airport operations. *The Faceless Ones* Episode 1 began with twenty-five feet of such material to show aircraft landing and taking off from Gatwick, passengers alighting from planes, and a radar dish. Superimposed over this were the serial title, writers' credits and episode number captions.

The largest set of the serial was Air Traffic Control, which had both monitoring equipment for the aircraft operated by technicians and a seating area for the Commandant's office. The principle tracking device was an illuminated map of the United Kingdom indicating the aircraft flight paths and positions. Throughout the serial, suitable background noises including radio voices would be piped into the studio for recording.

No specially composed music was recorded for *The Faceless Ones.* Brian Hodgson of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop produced some electronic tonal pieces that were used principally in the scenes with the aliens. Episode 1 used twenty seconds of *Nigerian Drums,* originating from a BBC Library LP, for the sequence of the Doctor and Jamie hiding behind the aircraft wheels.

Sound effects of aircraft were used in the background for many of the studio scenes, notably in the CT hangar. The hangar was three linked sets, the largest of which was the storage area which had steps leading up to the office to the left. This in turn had the aliens' control room hidden beside it. The control room contained two working television monitors which could show output from other cameras. During Episode 1 Spencer could speak to Blade on one monitor, and watch Polly exploring the hangar on the other. The interior office also had a small compartment in which the luggage of missing people was disposed of, being achieved off-screen by a grinding sound effect.

The alien ray gun was used in Episode 1 as Gascoigne was killed by Spencer. The electrocution effect was achieved by shining a bright light on actor Peter Whitaker and superimposing an energy crackle from a spark generator. There was then a recording break scheduled so that burn make-up could be applied to Whitaker's face. A photograph of Whitaker was then taken for use in Episode 3.

The actors playing raw Chameleons in the serial were extras dressed in dark sleeveless overalls. Their heads and arms were covered in a latex make-up to appear blistered, with veins clearly visible on the 'skin'. These appliances were given a coating of vaseline to make them glisten. Lloyd was very pleased with the Chameleons, feeling them to be most effective. The Chameleons were not actually referred to by this name until the last two episodes.

Episode 1 was edited on videotape two days later, to be ready for transmission the following Saturday. The new story was promoted with one-third of a page feature in *Radio Times* (8th – 14th April, 1967).

The Faceless Ones Episode 2, recorded on Saturday 8th April, was the first instalment to make use of *Doctor Who*'s amended opening theme music. Delia Derbyshire of the Radiophonic Workshop rearranged her original realisation of Ron Grainer's theme tune, losing Brian Hodgson's swish of white sound at the start of the sequence and adding a new underscore of ascending tones and wind bubbles. This new arrangement fitted in better with Bernard Lodge's revised title graphics featuring Troughton's face that had debuted on *The Macra Terror*.

The opening captions for Episode 2 were superimposed over shots of an empty bed in the Medical Centre. Episode 2 was the first time that the aliens were seen in their completely faceless form. The transformation effect of a raw Chameleon into George Meadows was simply a fade from the image of one camera on Barrie Dupres to a shot of George Selway lying on an identical couch, also wearing a headband with electrodes.

The small Chameleon Tours kiosk on the main concourse was a small set built inside a larger one, and contained a monitor allowing 'Michelle' to call Spencer, and also for the Doctor to see Ben being overpowered. Fifteen seconds of the *Nigerian Drums* was heard as the Doctor fled from the police in Air Traffic Control and Hodgson's electronic mood score was again used.

The freezing effect for the jets in the CT office at the end of Episode 2 used white smoke, injected through sink plugholes. A recording break was scheduled before the very end of the episode to allow 'frost' to be applied to Troughton's face, over which the closing roller caption was shown. For Episode 2 actress Brigit Paul provided several of the tannoy announcements for the airport. That evening, she also recorded eight seconds of dialogue to be played over the tannoy system in Episode 4 as Flight 419 to Rome was announced.

DEPARTURES

Anneke Wills and Michael Craze left *Doctor Who* together on Saturday 8th April, 1967, since their only appearance in Episode 6 had been pre-filmed at Gatwick.

Both Polly and Ben were thought to have outlived their usefulness as companions by *The Faceless Ones*.

The scenes with the model satellite were re-filmed on Tuesday 11th April at Ealing, and could be edited in time for the recording of Episode 4. This time the 'bomb bay' doors operated properly and the model itself was mounted on a far more rigid Kirby harness.

Saturday 15th April saw Episode 3 in studio, and this began with a telerecording of the reprise from the previous week, over which the episode title captions were superimposed. The episode also used sixteen feet of BBC 35mm stock film to show Heslington's radar screen and fifty-three feet of FCI material for both Blade's craft coming in to land and later Flight 413 taking off.

Very little music was used in Episode 3, just some tonal backing as Blade lured Crossland to the waiting aircraft. In the scene where the Doctor viewed the medical bay on the scanner screen in the secret office, a caption slide photograph of the empty set from Episode 2 was displayed since the room itself was not needed that week. A recording break at the very end of the episode allowed the extras to vacate the seating areas of Flight 413 to make it seem that they had vanished as Crossland watched on a television monitor from the spaceship flight deck. A BBC photographer was also employed to take photographs of the cabin seats with and without the passengers for use as captions in Episode 4's recording.

Hines and Troughton were absent from some of the rehearsals for Episode 4, filming sequences for *The Evil of the Daleks* on Thursday 20th and Friday 21st April. Episode 4 of *The Faceless Ones* was recorded on Saturday 22nd April, and included a rare example of out-of-sequence recording. This was towards the start of the episode, where the brief scene of Jenkins being duplicated by the Chameleons was recorded before the scene it would follow in transmission. The opening caption slides were shown over stock film of a VC10 flight away from camera and a shot of Ann Davidson in the aircraft corridor.

The laser beam attack was achieved by superimposing the beam trace from an oscilloscope onto the main action in the CT hangar. A pile of wood shavings which the beam touched upon as it swung around towards the Doctor's group was ignited by electronic flash charges hidden beneath it. As the beam was reflected back to the laser, the screen was flared white to indicate its destruction. A photographer had taken shots of Madalena Nicol sitting in the hidden alcove of the Medical Centre and these were inserted into Episodes 4 and 5 as caption slides to show the real Nurse in her trance-like state (and hence allow continuous taping for Madalena Nicol).

This instalment used one hundred and twenty feet of stock film from FCI showing VC10s in flight, CT Flight 419 both taking off and in flight, and RAF fighter plane 241 which was tailing it. The RAF plane was also represented in studio by a very small cockpit set for close-up shots of actor Michael Ladkin, with the picture flaring white as the craft was destroyed. The model shots of the VC10 changing into a spaceship and docking were backed by twenty seconds of *Fantasy in Orbit* played by the Pacific Dawn Orchestra. The closing credits were rolled as the model shot of the spacecraft entering the satellite faded to black.

Filming for *The Evil of the Daleks* continued during the following week. Hines joined new companion Deborah Watling in Harrow Weald on the Monday and Tuesday, while Troughton was required at Ealing Film Studios on Friday 28th to shoot the sequences that would allow him a week's holiday during Episode 4 of the Dalek serial. This required both actors to miss some rehearsals for *The Faceless Ones* Episode 5.

WRAPPING UP

Episode 5 began with a reprise of the scene in Air Traffic Control from the videotape of Episode 4, after which the opening caption slides were shown over a model shot of the Chameleon satellite and the empty seats in the Chameleon plane. When Jamie discovered the miniaturised Chameleon Tours passengers in a tray on the satellite, a high tower camera looked down upon a small set of boxed compartments in which six extras lay motionless for a brief cutaway shot. Four extras were used as faceless ►

◄ aliens in the episode, three of whom would also appear in the final episode.

The secret room operated by 'Pinto' in the sick bay contained a television monitor screen allowing her to talk to Spencer. For the scenes in which 'Pinto' was overpowered and her original discovered in a trance behind a sliding panel, careful camera positioning and one of the still slides of Madalena Nicol as the original were used. After 'Pinto' had killed one of the policemen with a ray gun, 'Meadows' then ripped the white sheath off the original's arm in close-up, whereupon a recording break was scheduled. When taping resumed, extra Elizabeth Smith took over as the fake nurse with partial Chameleon make-up so Madalena Nicol could then play the real Nurse Pinto.

Episode 5 used three minutes of the *Fantasy in Orbit* track for the scenes in the satellite of Chameleon Headquarters. The BBC's silent stock shots of radar were used as the CT craft was tracked, plus thirteen feet of FCI's material for Chameleon Three-Four-Five's take-off. In the penultimate scenes, Hines appeared as the Chameleonised 'Jamie' and spoke in his normal voice without his assumed Scots accent. Hines now wore a sleeveless Chameleon jumpsuit, while Bernard Kay sported a dark tunic as the Director. The closing credits were rolled over a shot of the Doctor and Pinto surrounded by the Chameleons as they faded to black.

The Faceless Ones completed taping on Saturday 6th May. For the film sequence of the Doctor and Jamie walking away from the camera at the end of the episode, a slide caption reading "Next Week: *The Evil of the Daleks*" was superimposed, followed by the roller caption and fade to black. Seven minutes twenty-six seconds of *Fantasy in Orbit* was used, again for scenes on the satellite. Also heard in the episode was around forty seconds of *Hindu Funeral Drumming* by John Levy from a BBC Library LP, backing the film sequence of Meadows stalking Jean and Samantha in the car park.

In May, Lloyd received queries from *Airframe*, a journal of the British Aircraft Corporation Limited, whose readers wished to know exactly what sort of plane interior had been used for the CT jet. Lloyd explained that this was not a real craft, but two sets designed by Geoff Kirkland.

Over its transmission, the serial maintained the standard ratings with dips for Episodes 2 and 4. The appreciation figures were an improvement on *The Macra Terror*.

This was to be the only *Doctor Who* serial written by David Ellis. Although Hulke would maintain close ties to the programme, Ellis moved on to write for other series such as *Dixon of Dock Green*, and *Z Cars*. He died in 1978. *The Faceless Ones* is also the only story to date directed by Gerry Mill. Mill continued at the BBC as a staff director for some time on series like *The First Lady* before going freelance. Since then his career has included *Dempsey and Makepeace*, *London's Burning* and *She-Wolf of London*.

The Faceless Ones was marketed to Australia in October 1967, where to gain a 'G' classification three cuts had to be made to Episode l. These were the electrocution of Gascoigne, the alien hand emerging from the cupboard and the shots of the faceless creature at the end of the instalment. In addition to this, a small amount of the Chameleon being taken through the CT hangar was removed. A print of a telerecording edited in this way is held by a private collector. New Zealand did not accept this particular story when purchasing other Season Four serials in the late Sixties, returning their print to the BBC in 1971.

During the late Seventies, Hulke expressed an interest in novelising *The Faceless Ones*, but died in July 1979 having barely completed his manuscript for *Doctor Who and the War Games*. It was his long-time colleague Terrance Dicks who set to work on adapting the scripts into *Doctor Who – The Faceless Ones*. The book was released in hardback in December 1985 by WH Allen whose paperback subsidiary, Target, issued the story as Book No.116 in May 1987. The cover was by Tony Masero.

Although the BBC Film Library retained a 16mm telerecording of Episode 1, the master videotapes and remaining overseas film prints were junked in the early Seventies once it was felt their marketability was over. In 1985, rumours of Episode 3's existence began circulating at a *Doctor Who* convention. In early 1987, negotiations between a private collector who had both this episode and *The Evil of the Daleks* Episode 2 began and finally by mid-1987, the two films (apparently purchased at a car-boot sale in Buckinghamshire) were safely back at the BBC. Of the two, *The Faceless Ones* Episode 3 was the poorer print, with notable jumps in the film in at least four places where certain frames had been removed. Episodes 2, 4, 5 and 6 are visually represented only by telesnaps taken by the late John Cura.

Andrew Pixley

SERIAL KK
THE FACELESS ONES
CAST

Patrick Troughton (*Doctor Who*) with Colin Gordon (*Commandant*), Wanda Ventham (*Jean Rock*), Bernard Kay (*Crossland*) [2-6], Donald Pickering (*Blade*) and Anneke Wills (*Polly*) [1-2, 6], Michael Craze (*Ben*) [1-2, 6], Frazer Hines (*Jamie*), Pauline Collins (*Samantha Briggs*) [2-6], with James Appleby (*Policeman*) [1], George Selway (*Meadows*)[1-3, 5-6], Victor Winding (*Spencer*), Peter Whitaker (*Inspector Gascoigne*) [1], Christopher Tranchell (*Jenkins*) [1-2, 4-6], Madalena Nicol (*Nurse Pinto*) [2, 4-6], Gilly Fraser (*Ann Davidson*) [2-6], Brigit Paul (*Announcer*) [2, 4], Barry Wilsher (*Heslington*) [3-6], Michael Ladkan (*RAF Pilot*) [4], Leonard Trolley (*Superintendant Reynolds*) [6].

EXTRAS

Roy Curtis, Vic Taylor, Roger Jacombs (*ATC Technicians*); Robin Burns, Charles Erskine (*Workmen*); Jean Myers, Pearl Hawkes, Joy Burnett, Joanna Lawrence, Marjorie Sommerville, Ralph Rankissoon, George Wilder, Basil Tang, Graham Tonbridge, Nigel Bernard (*Airport Passengers from Madrid Flight*); Crawford Lyle, Taggart Rushton (*Airport Police at Immigration Desk*); Barrie Dupres, Robin Dawson, Roy Pearce, Pat Leclerc (*Chameleons*); Terence Denville (*Double for Blade*); Geoffrey Witherick, Kedd Fenton (*Airport Police searching Concourse*); Pamela Hinton, Michelle Barry, Lisa Noble, Joanna Robins, Sandy Duke, Alan Norburn, David Seaforth, Chris Hodge, Barry Noble, Don Simons (*Airport Passengers*); Ann Barber, Tina Simons, Valerie Vyner, Maria Hauffer, James Holbrook, Mike Briton, John Dickinson, Gary Leeman, Gloria Forster, Denise Testar, Penelope Daiton, Tony Mead, Richard Kitteridge, Donald Sinclair (*Chameleon Tours Travellers*); Peter Roy (*Airport Police Sergeant*); Peter Blair Stewart (*Airport Policeman*); Elizabeth Smith (*Double for Nurse Pinto*); Joanna Robins, Tina Simons, Maria Hauffer, Donald Sinclair, Gary Leaman, Barry Noble (*Miniaturised Young Chameleon Tours Passengers*); John Evans, Steve Pokol, Audrey Stewart, Audrey Searl, Ann Gaibriel, Tony Lang (*Chameleon Airport Personnel in Plane*); Robin Dawson (*Airport Policemen guarding Meadows*); Roy Pearce (*Airport Policeman in Car Park*); Donald Sinclair (*Ambulance Man*); Peter Roy (*Chauffeur*).

CREDITS

Written by David Ellis and Malcolm Hulke. Title Music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Story Editor: Gerry Davis. Costumes: Daphne Dare* [Dare actually only worked on Episodes 1 and 2, the others were handled by Sandra Reid]. Make-up: Gillian James*. Lighting: Howard King*. Sound: Gordon Mackie*. Film Cameraman: Tony Imi *. Film Editor: Chris Haydon*. Designer: Geoff Kirkland. Associate Producer: Peter Bryant [Credited on 1-3 only]. Producer: Innes Lloyd. Directed by Gerry Mill.
* credited on Episode 6 only.

BROADCAST DETAILS:

Episode 1	8th April, 1967	5.50pm - 6.15pm
Episode 2	15th April, 1967	5.50pm - 6.15pm
Episode 3	22nd April, 1967	5.50pm - 6.15pm
Episode 4	29th April, 1967	5.50pm - 6.15pm
Episode 5	6th May, 1967	5.50pm - 6.15pm
Episode 6	13th May, 1967	5.50pm - 6.15pm

Viewing Figures:
Episode 1: 8.0m (47th), Episode 2: 6.4m (70th), Episode 3: 7.9m (43rd), Episode 4: 6.9m (62nd), Episode 5: 7.1m (39th), Episode 6 8.0m (33rd).

Audience Appreciation:
Episode 1: 51%, Episode 2: 50%, Episode 3: 53%, Episode 4: 55%, Episode 5: 55%, Episode 6: 52%.

Evans complains to the Staff Sergeant that, being a Driver, he really shouldn't be carrying out duties of this kind.

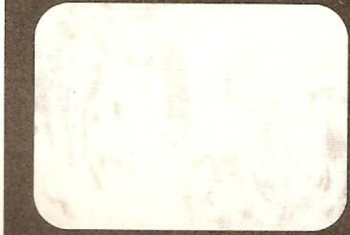
Arnold grows impatient with the nervous Welshman, warning him not to consider desertion when they enter the tunnels. They set off for Covent Garden Station.

The Colonel stridently leads his mean through the streets. Assuming they meet no resistance, he estimates their arrival at Covent Garden in about ten minutes.

Knight decides to question Evans on his return. The Doctor then pleads that he and Anne are underequipped to make the necessary amendments to the sphere control box. The Captain reluctantly agrees to allow him a quick visit to street-level for supplies.

Arnold and his men encounter a web-like wall of fungus between them and their rendezvous point. Arnold and a reluctant Lane don respirator packs and decide to penetrate the fungus on the trolley. Evans stands by with an attached rope, ready to pull them out if necessary.

They propel themselves into the fungus, which soon starts pulsating, emitting an agitated, eerie noise. As its glow increases Evans hears a piercing scream.



Evans frantically pulls on the rope . . .

. . . which eventually produces the trolley carrying only the body of Lane – dead and smothered in the web-like substance. Staff Sergeant Arnold has gone.

At street level, the Colonel's men find their route obstructed by the huge forms of approaching Yeti.

Aware of the imminent peril, Lethbridge-Stewart orders his men to take evasive action.

They duck into a warehouse yard.

The tarpaulins of Covent Garden Market provide little cover . . .

. . . with the Yeti in hot pursuit.

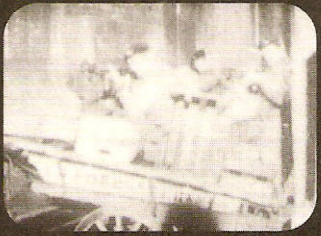
They follow the men through the yard . . .

. . . and prove to be impervious to bullets.

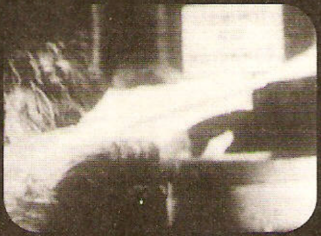
In the face of an unstoppable force, confrontation is useless – resistance futile.

The Colonel, leading his men from the front, bravely holds out, maximising what little cover he can find.

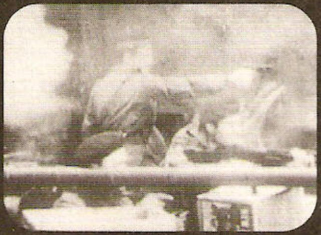
His men, meanwhile, are barricaded behind one of the market trader's carts.



The battle is going badly for the soldiers, and casualties are high enough before the Yeti unleash their deadliest weapon . . .



. . . the lethal web-gun.



With men dying all around, even bazookas are useless in the face of the alien threat.

Captain Knight and the Doctor have found an electronics shop. The Doctor is busy looking for the supplies he needs while Knight impatiently stands guard. Hearing a noise behind him, the Captain nervously turns around.

He is confronted by two Yeti. Calling out for the Doctor he only has the time to fire a couple of shots before he is savagely struck down by the powerful giants.

Too late to help, the Doctor emerges to find Knight's body – and in one the pockets a Yeti-model homing device. He returns to Goodge Street and tells Victoria and Jamie what's happened.

The battle at Covent Garden is lost. Seeing Corporal Blake killed, Lethbridge-Stewart concedes defeat. Jumping over a wall he sprints for Goodge Street alone.

As the Doctor completes his work on the control unit Lethbridge-Stewart arrives. His long silence is broken when he tells them solemnly that his entire squad are gone. Jamie tells him about Captain Knight's fate and they begin frantically searching for the remaining missing Yeti model.

Evans is helping with the search when he suddenly hears a bleeping sound behind him. They turn around to hear a savage roar and two Yeti enter.

They draw back, horrified to see the pallid figure of Professor Travers walking behind. His voice is an eerie, rasping whisper: "I am the Intelligence . . . "

PRODUCER
PETER BRYANT

Doctor Who Classic Comics Issue 20, on sale 28th April, features another sixty previously unpublished photographs from the next episode of this classic Season Five serial.

DIRECTED BY
DOUGLAS CAMFIELD

In Episode 5 the Doctor discovers why he was lured to Earth, the humans begin to strike back and the deadly fungus closes in . . .

**Compiled by
Marcus Hearn**

Acting the Part

Pauline Collins

While *Shirley Valentine* took Pauline Collins to the luxury of the Greek coast, in *The Faceless Ones* the actress never got further than Gatwick Airport. Anthony Townsend talked to everybody's favourite frustrated housewife about one trip she was *glad* to have missed . . .

While it is true that the role of Shirley Valentine won Pauline Collins international acclaim, a BAFTA award and nominations for both an Oscar and a Golden Globe Award, twenty-six years ago she played another Liverpudlian that fewer people remember.

During her career, Pauline Collins has starred in many popular series such as *Emergency Ward 10, Upstairs, Downstairs* and *Forever Green*, many of these opposite her husband John Alderton. She took the title character in the successful play *Shirley Valentine* from the stage to the big screen, where she was last seen playing opposite Patrick Swayze in the film *City of Joy.*

While the prospect of interviewing such a well-established actress about a one-off role in *Doctor Who* was daunting, being greeted with a smile and a mug of tea was certainly reassuring.

Samantha Briggs was a tough girl with a sense of purpose that led her into the company of the Doctor and the fight against the Chameleons, a dying race who are capable of assuming the identities of human hosts, one of which is Samantha's own brother.

"I went to see the director, Gerry Mill, and the producer, Innes Lloyd, and Innes wasn't at all sure that he wanted me, but Gerry did. It was my idea to play it Liverpool as all the others had been middle-class girls, so I thought I'd be different. They actually asked me to stay in the series and do thirty-six episodes, but I'm a mover-on and I didn't want to do any more.

"I loved my Doctor, Patrick Troughton, and worked very well with the established cast of Patrick and Frazer Hines, who played Jamie.

"I remember vividly shooting at Gatwick Airport, where the aliens were infiltrating the passengers of this airline, and I remember that the cameraman then was Tony Imi who has since become very famous. I was very thrilled about it as I hadn't done much filming before, and during the breaks I went up to the offices of Air Traffic Control to have a look at the whole of Gatwick Airport.

"I remember my clothes very well. I had long knickerbockers. It was an odd style that was around at the time: a shortish mini-dress with the knickerbockers underneath and a straw hat. I chose it with the wardrobe mistress. It was a bit unusual as obviously you wear the same clothes throughout the story and it had to be something that looked crisp and interesting all the way through.

"Those series were done in a very short space of time. We had only just come out of doing live television so to have something done in a recorded situation was a relief to us all, although you didn't stop for anything."

Interviewing Pauline during the pre-West End tour of the play *Shades* in which she plays Scots woman Pearl, I asked her if she has a particular affinity towards accents.

"I like accents, I like regional accents to listen to. I think you really just get drawn to a part. Obviously Shirley Valentine, because that's where I'm from, had an accent that was very dear to my heart. It's an accent I find easy to do. Scottish is much harder for me because my family is Irish, so it's a bit difficult to get that other kind of Celt."

Also starring in *The Faceless Ones* were such well-known *Doctor Who* names as Wanda Ventham and Donald Pickering, who have both returned to the series several times. Had Pauline ever been approached to make another appearance?

"No. In fact, I'm never written down as a *Who* girl. I think people forgot that I was in it, maybe because it was for such a short time. I don't like to stay in anything for too long a time – I have a low boredom threshold. I only did *Upstairs, Downstairs* for twelve episodes, which wasn't very long. I'm not doing any more of *Forever Green*, though John might. They'd have to write me out. I'd get savaged by a rabid fox or something."

Did Pauline see her completed *Doctor Who* serial when it was broadcast?

"Yes! Absolutely. I loved it. I was in five episodes, wasn't I? The initial one had Anneke Wills and Michael Craze with Frazer, and then they left and Deborah Watling took over after me, playing the Victorian girl.

"I also enjoyed that period because it wasn't so monster orientated – it was more the psychological fear of these people taking over. I like that kind of terror more than things with seven arms. It's a shame that so little of that period survived the junking."

Having worked in all areas of the entertainment media, does Pauline have a preference?

"No, I like all of them. I usually like what I'm not doing after a while, so then it's time to move on and do something different. Each of them offers something different. I actually think that the great strength of television is news and documentary but I enjoy doing television. I enjoy film because I think that in a cinema an audience can lose itself in a very complete way, and I enjoy theatre for the contact with the audience. So they all have something to offer."

And, perhaps a stupid question, a favourite role?

"Probably Shirley Valentine. Rarely in your life is there such a complete marriage of author and actress. It just so happened that Willy Russell and I understood each other. What he wrote was very right for me, although he didn't write it for me. He writes for himself, and he writes what he wants, which I think is the best way to write."

Happy to be exactly where she is now ("Regret is a pointless exercise!") where does Pauline Collins see herself heading in the future?

"I don't know. Somewhere that I don't know. I like surprises!"

AFTER IMAGE

BBC2 tucks away a slice of the best from *Doctor Who*'s past on Sunday lunchtimes. Nicholas Briggs investigates *Pyramids of Mars* and only has space to say one thing about *The Green Death*.

Pyramids of Mars (my subtitle, *Tough Luck Sutekh!*) received its third, if unheralded airing on UK terrestrial television, 'cleverly' aggravating everybody who bothered to buy the budget-priced, unabridged video release.

The story hails from that 'mystical' era when *Doctor Who* was part of a strong Saturday night line-up on BBC1, guaranteed to pull respectable viewing figures. At the time, however, this spooky story of robot mummies and fake Egyptian gods seemed entirely unremarkable. In my case, I think *Pyramids of Mars* went as far over my head as an Osiran anti-gravity rocket. This was because in many ways, by design or pure chance, this story was written and produced for adults.

It is played totally for real by the small, excellent cast. In its opening passages it has the leisurely pace of 'straight' period drama and throughout, pre-Whitehouse clampdown, *violence* is very much in evidence. Apart from the crop of fairly hard-hitting strangulations, blood is most definitely drawn when Dr Warlock is shot, and Marcus Scarman's reverse-run bullet impact (as the power of mighty Sutekh nullifies a shot from a doomed poacher) is entertainingly ghastly without being at all gruesome.

Unconsciously in the mould of many a successful science-fiction yarn down the years (including *The Thing* and *Alien* movies), *Pyramids of Mars* isolates a small number of protagonists, pitting them against a terrifying power. By placing the action in 1911 writers Robert Holmes and Lewis Greifer (take your pick) put the Doctor and friends well beyond effective contemporary help (set in 1980, and the Brigadier could have used his disintegrator gun from *Robot*). Further insulating them with the good old science-fiction standby, the *forcefield*, really does the trick.

The Doctor, Sarah, Warlock and Laurence (the latter two croaking it before the final showdown) having nothing more than a hunting rifle, a French lock-pick and a trusty sonic screwdriver with which to defeat a foe that will lay waste to Earth and any other planet in his way. How, precisely, he will achieve this mass destruction is actually left to our imaginations – and is the more powerful for that.

Although it is pretty clear that there actually isn't enough plot to fill out four episodes, the story benefits quite considerably from its 'padding'. The entirely irrelevant subplot of the poacher trapped within the forcefield is a chilling addition, illustrating the power of the robot mummies and the true nature of the undead Marcus Scarman (during *that* shooting incident). There's also enough spare time for detailed interplay between the Doctor and Sarah. They are particularly engaging in the first TARDIS scene with Sarah sending up the Doctor's melancholia; in the tense "dismantle the forcefield" sequence (the Doctor likening his actions to mending a watch with a hammer and chisel: "One false move and you'll never know the time again"), and the pottering in the poacher's shed with sweaty gelignite is a sheer delight.

This arguably where the Fourth Doctor's callous characteristics emerged. The idea that he was compassionate on a broader scale (not worrying about one lost life when billions are at stake) and even a little uncaring about the human race was an interesting notion. It surfaces here when the Doctor casually pushes Laurence Scarman's dead body aside, quipping "His late brother must have called". Sarah is appalled, complaining that sometimes the Doctor doesn't seem – "Human?" the Doctor interrupts. It's a chilling moment.

The irony for *Pyramids of Mars* is that the very strengths of it also lead to its most gaping errors. The historical feel and decor is impeccable. The plot trappings of the missing gentleman adventurer, the mysterious Egyptian and the ancient relics are beautifully evocative of other genres. However, one wonders why the Egyptian in his fez (charming though it is) is there at all. Why did the undead Scarman not come straight back? And, for that matter, why come back to England at all? Surely the wastes of the desert would have secured far more effective secrecy and equally fine accuracy for a missile launching to Mars.

If the story's other strong factor is the isolation of the characters, it unfortunately created problems for the writers when they felt the narrative should broaden to other locations. Here, the TARDIS is used as a convenient space/time taxi to Earth's future and Mars. But this plot-device backfires when the Doctor and Sarah have to dash back to Earth in the two minutes before Sutekh is released. Dash? In a time machine that can apparently (according to this story anyway) travel accurately in time? Ooops.

Why is it called *Pyramids of Mars* when there is clearly only one pyramid on Mars? And what possessed Horus and the others to imprison Sutekh with all the means of his escape (killer robots, a warhead, an anti-gravity device, a "data-retrieval" facility and a time tunnel thingy?) Presumably the mind of Sutekh himself! However it is a credit to director Paddy Russell's work that none of these errors seem to matter. The whole thing is carried off with such style.

And now . . . the final word (or twenty-nine) on *The Pertwee Gang Show*, also known as *The Green Death*. Ahead of its time, environmentally friendly morality tale only marred by bad CSO and a mad computer. I thought Jon Pertwee was rather fetching in a pinny, didn't you?

◆

Brief Encounter

UselEss ThinGs

First it was but a silhouette against the blaze of the Type-G, but as the sensors adjusted, the planet came into view; a green-blue sphere, its colours blurring with the soft white of clouds across its upper atmosphere.

The commander of the fleet rested his rounded torso more comfortably in the added seat and clicked his forefingers in pleasure. Prince Genei was not a poetic man but as he watched the screen he inadvertently thought of that song his fool brother was so infatuated with. Yes indeed, this planet was like a jewel lost in coarsest mud, but it was not something to be admired at a distance, in appreciation of its natural beauty. It was something to be collected, made suitable for the exacting foibles of its admirers, polished, categorised and used.

True beauty lay in functionality, and the inhabitants of G16734 III below them would be used to their full potential. Or suffer for art. Genei laughed at the metaphor, and then dismissed it as rubbish. Those below would acknowledge his rule, or die. And that was all they needed to know. Gesturing with a side-limb he brought General Slale to his side. "Find a suitable landing area and set down, all cloaks on, immediately. I will lead the initial strike-force myself."

Even before he heard the acknowledgement he was out of the chair and preparing himself for battle.

Standard policy for this class of civilisation was to find an isolated area of a small but powerful country, then strike the capital over land. Cut communications, kill ninety-five per cent of the immediate population, suppress all local resistance and consolidate a land base.

And worry about the rest of the world later.

All designed to spread as much panic and uncertainty over the globe as possible, while establishing a secure foot-hold for conquest, including access to the resources of the occupied country.

In an optimal situation all that would then be needed for the planet to fall would be a display of superior technology, perhaps nuclear suppression, to the remaining advanced countries.

That was only optimal, of course, and didn't guarantee long-term control of the natives.

But, thought Genei as he checked his side-guns, that was when the fun started.

The site chosen, after analysis of broadcast information and scans of technology densities was a small island in the northern hemisphere, just to the west of the largest land mass. According to the broadcasts it went under several names, 'England' and 'The United Kingdom' being the most universal.

The Prince was the first to step onto this new world, his six legs moving him confidently and quickly over the flat terrain as he moved out, a squad of twenty-seven troops following closely. Only a faint whistling heralded the ships still landing behind him.

The only possible witness to the landing were some local wildlife and a pair of the dominant species ('humans') lying in a field. The wildlife was ignored, the humans had been microwaved from thirty thousand feet.

Their bodies and transportation were loaded aboard one of the ships for further analysis.

But enough of such things – a major thorough-fare lay a couple of kilometres to the east, and it was there the invasion would start in earnest. From there they would move south, creating havoc, reaching the capital ('London') by night-fall.

Crossing the distance in a matter of minutes, the Prince was quivering in anticipation by the time they reached the last rise. Brandishing his guns and with a battle-cry, almost lost under the roar of the passing vehicles ('cars') he charged.

And stopped.

Below him, between his unit and the thorough-fare, sat a largish blue box.

Genei cursed. He cursed himself for not recognising the alphabet of this world; cursed the person who had over-looked the seemingly innocent object in the scan. But mostly he just cursed.

He thought about life at the Court if he returned empty-handed. The scorn of his father, the King, the coldness of his wife. And to face his pacifist brother dishonoured!

But he looked again at the object and thought about life.

Then, with as much speed and dignity as possible, he returned to the ship, rejoined the fleet in space and returned home.

A truck, with a small crane attached, drove up to the police-box and two men got out. Unheeding, the traffic of the Barnet By-Pass passed by.

One of the men opened the concrete hut to make sure nothing was inside while his partner readied the crane. Some men had come to disconnect the telephone yesterday.

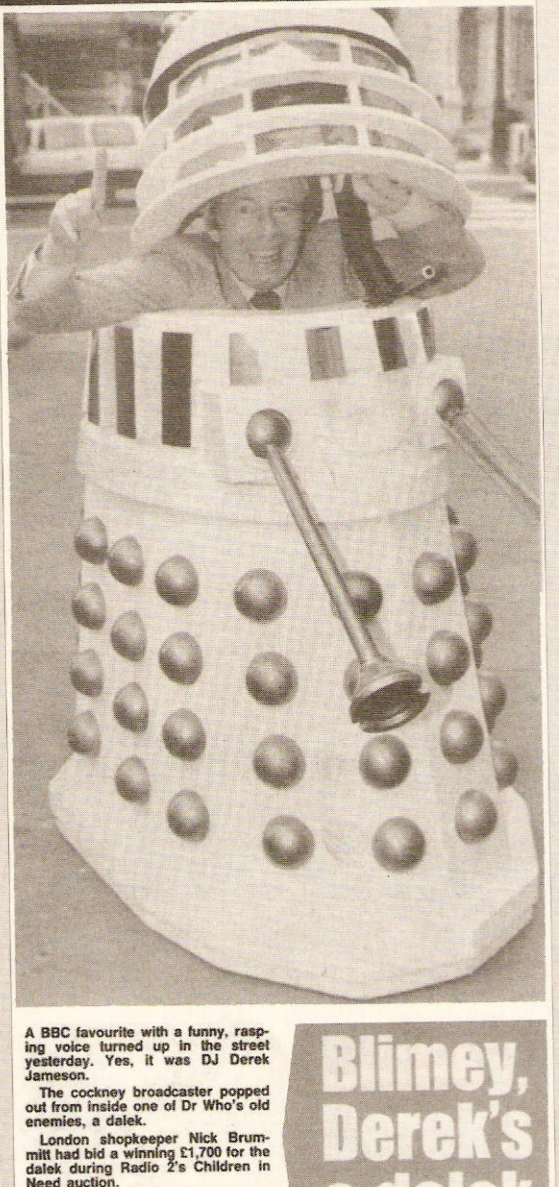
"You'd think they'd throw a party or something. Last one in England and all that."

"Leave it out. Bloody useless things."

His partner grunted in agreement as they manoeuvred the box onto the truck, and drove away.

David Carroll

What the Papers Said



A BBC favourite with a funny, rasping voice turned up in the street yesterday. Yes, it was DJ Derek Jameson.

The cockney broadcaster popped out from inside one of Dr Who's old enemies, a dalek.

London shopkeeper Nick Brummitt had bid a winning £1,700 for the dalek during Radio 2's Children in Need auction.

So 61-year-old Derek, down to earth as ever, delivered his purchase to him in Walthamstow.

Picture: BILL KENNEDY

Blimey, Derek's a dalek

The in-between years began on 7th December 1989. From the end of *Survival* to the rumours of a 'next generation' under Steven Spielberg's Amblin, *Doctor Who* slipped into obscurity. Ironically, its revival attempts were greeted with unanimous support by the very newspapers that had once called so loudly for its euthanasia. It was, however, some years before the press seemed to even notice that British television was conspicuous by someone's absence. No-one, however, was pulling the wool over the fans' eyes. One year on, and for the first time since Harold Macmillan was Prime Minister the Doctor failed to materialise. "Mass protest planned over 'extermination of *Dr Who*'" reported *The Independent's* Phil Reeves on 30th November 1990. "The BBC is bracing itself for a mass protest by thousands of infuriated *Dr Who* fans who believe the corporation is plotting to kill off the time-defying doctor and consign his Tardis to the scrapyard of history. The 27-year-old series has been off the air for nearly a year, driving its followers into a frenzy of frustration and prompting a flurry of dark allegations that the programme had finally been scrapped for ever.

"Memos have been issued to BBC staff warning that up to 25,000 people could telephone its television headquarters in London today, demanding that the series be reinstated. *Doctor Who* 'fanzines' have been invoking readers worldwide to participate in the campaign, telling each one to telephone 20 times during the day - an order which would result in a switchboard-jamming 500,000 calls.

"The fans believe that the BBC, despite assurances to the contrary, will never bring the series back. The BBC maintains that it is having discussions with independent production companies and insists the Doctor will eventually return. A spokesman said: 'A short break cannot be seen as shutting the door on the doctor.'"

On the same, fateful, day, London's *Evening Standard* claimed: "The BBC has set up special phone lines to protect its top executives from a telephone blockade being waged today by angry *Dr Who* fans."

Reporter Nicholas Hellen revealed: "The private numbers of 17 BBC managers and governors, from chairman Marmaduke Hussey down, are being bombarded by *Dr Who* enthusiasts protesting at the delay in commissioning a new series. Ian Levine, an ardent fan, said: 'The programme has deliberately been run down and the BBC is now playing a delaying game so nobody will care any more when it is eventually scrapped.' The BBC admitted it had received a 'substantial' number of calls today."

Outspoken fan magazine *DWB*, vociferous in their public encouragement and promotion of 'the day of action', later reprinted a leaked internal BBC document which revealed that "A lobby for the return of *Dr Who* resulted in 996 phone calls on Friday and Saturday."

With *Doctor Who* fandom already sharply divided in opinion over the efficacy of the orchestrated telephone tantrum, 1991 served only to bring further polarisation. The BBC, having seemingly given the Doctor his marching orders, was holding a house clearance. And if *Doctor Who* really wasn't coming back, then there were plenty of people wanting a souvenir. "Dr Who runs out of space" *The Mail on Sunday* wryly observed on 7th April 1991. "Dr Who is about to face up to an enemy even his galactic powers cannot defeat . . . an army of fans. And in this battle the Time Lord will lose the very clothes he stands up in, as well as seeing the vanquishing of his arch enemies the Daleks and Cybermen. In the most important science fiction auction for many years, the BBC is to sell off some 200 costumes from the 25-year-old series because its wardrobe department has run out of space.

"Fans from as far apart as Winconsin in America and Sydney, Australia, have besieged auctioneers Bonhams for details of the sale, which takes place in London on May 11. The big interest will be in the two Daleks and a Cyberman, each of which is expected to make £4,000."

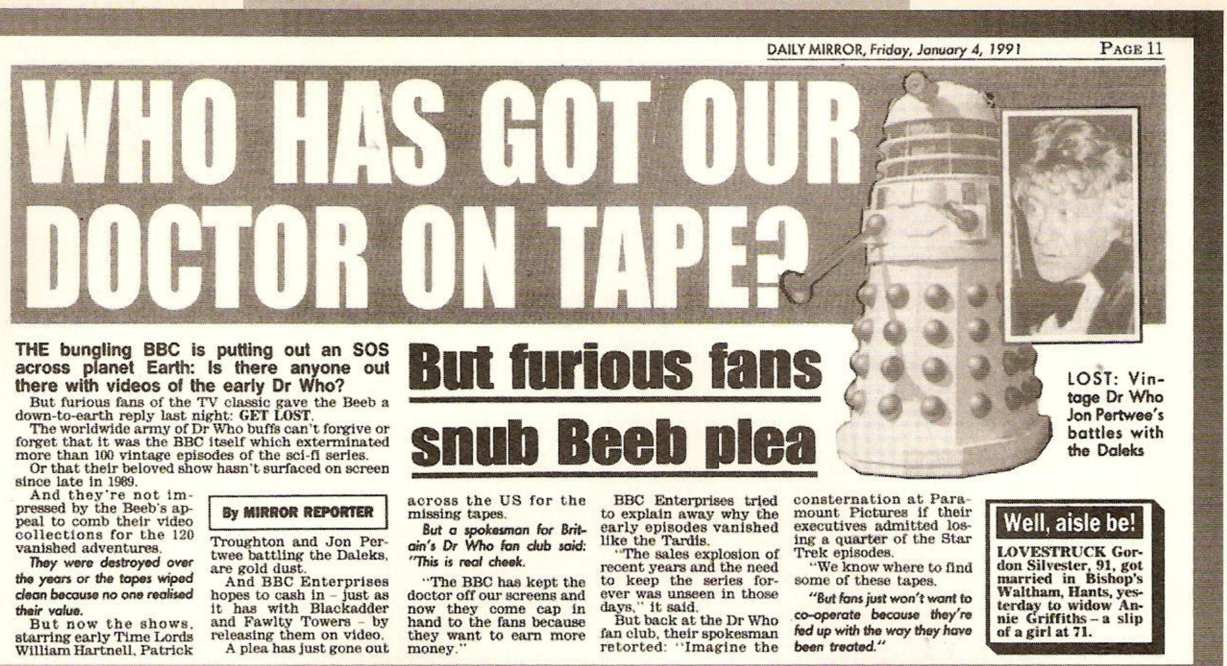
The estimates, unlike the eventual prices, were conservative. Intense interest in the sale led to a revenue of £60,533 for the BBC and some decidedly uncomfortable catwalk stardom for the boys and girls of the distinguished auction house. The day after the event, *The Observer* relayed their conversations with some of the satisfied customers. "Would it look good by the bookshelves?" Asked reporter David Harrison. "How about next to the yucca plant? What do you do with a Dalek you've just bought for £7,480 plus VAT?

"Barry Harmer, 58, was pondering this question of inter-galactic significance after bidding successfully for the Dalek at an auction of *Dr Who* memorabilia at Bonham's yesterday. Mr Harmer, a professor of English literature and self-confessed maverick, said he would probably have to take out the double-glazing at his flat in Islington to get the Dalek home. Once the alien was installed 'somewhere in the living room' Mr Harmer said he would 'talk to it and look after it.'

"Twenty minutes earlier, David Melvern, 29, a communications equipment salesman from Hertford, had snapped up Dalek 1, a slightly older model, for £6,400 plus VAT, plus price commission. He had paid 'top price' because *Dr Who* was 'the ultimate programme.' Mr Melvern, who insisted he was 'not eccentric', said he would keep 'this beautiful item' next to his *Dr Who* books and *Batman* comics. His girlfriend, Helen Croasdale, 26, backed him all the way. 'It's better than having children,' she said. 'You don't have to feed it or change its nappy.' But if Mr Melvern puts the Dalek in the bedroom, then Ms Croasdale says she will sleep with the lights on."

There were, however, voices of dissent. Could the BBC really be selling off the family silver?

"The current *Doctor Who* exhibition at the South Bank's Museum of the Moving Image concludes on a melancholy note. 'Sadly,' says a notice next to the exit, 'the show is not in production at the moment. It is hoped, however, that it will be back on our screens in the near future.' This brought contemptuous snorts from two bearded *Doctor Who* fans, threading their way through the bored Italian teenagers. 'If you



DAILY MIRROR, *Friday, January 4, 1991* PAGE 11

WHO HAS GOT OUR DOCTOR ON TAPE?

THE bungling BBC is putting out an SOS across planet Earth: Is there anyone out there with videos of the early Dr Who?

But furious fans of the TV classic gave the Beeb a down-to-earth reply last night: **GET LOST**.

The worldwide army of Dr Who buffs can't forgive or forget that it was the BBC itself which exterminated more than 100 vintage episodes of the sci-fi series.

Or that their beloved show hasn't surfaced on screen since late in 1989.

But furious fans snub Beeb plea

LOST: Vintage Dr Who Jon Pertwee's battles with the Daleks

And they're not impressed by the Beeb's appeal to comb their video collections for the 120 vanished adventures.

They were destroyed over the years or the tapes wiped clean because no one realised their value.

But now the shows, starring early Time Lords William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee battling the Daleks, are gold dust.

By MIRROR REPORTER

And BBC Enterprises hopes to cash in – just as it has with Blackadder and Fawlty Towers – by releasing them on video.

A plea has just gone out across the US for the missing tapes.

But a spokesman for Britain's Dr Who fan club said: "This is real cheek.

"The BBC has kept the doctor off our screens and now they come cap in hand to the fans because they want to earn more money."

BBC Enterprises tried to explain away why the early episodes vanished like the Tardis.

"The sales explosion of recent years and the need to keep the series forever was unseen in those days," it said.

But back at the Dr Who fan club, their spokesman retorted: "Imagine the consternation at Paramount Pictures if their executives admitted losing a quarter of the Star Trek episodes.

"We know where to find some of these tapes.

"But fans just won't want to co-operate because they're fed up with the way they have been treated."

Well, aisle be!

LOVESTRUCK Gordon Silvester, 91, got married in Bishop's Waltham, Hants, yesterday to widow Annie Griffiths – a slip of a girl at 71.

believe that,' bristled one, 'you'll believe anything.'"

The Daily Telegraph's observational Damian Thompson was making perhaps the first reasoned and in-depth examination into the Doctor's crisis. "It is an odd situation," he wrote on 29th July. "The BBC stopped making *Doctor Who* in 1989 because, it said, it was not popular enough. Yet even at the lowest point in its fortunes the show generated respectable audiences of 4.5 million, worldwide viewing figures of 110 million, and a range of hugely profitable spin-off products. The MOMI exhibition, called *Behind the Sofa*, is expected to attract 250,000 visitors over the next five months. Why, then, has BBC drama apparently thrown away one of its greatest assets?

"Not only is *Doctor Who* 'currently out of production,' but it is also possible that it will never be produced again. Last year, the BBC unveiled plans to hand over the 26-year-old show to an independent production company. 'It will be a newer, brighter, *Doctor Who*,' it said. An announcement could be expected in the autumn.

"But the announcement was never made, and as the months passed the conspiracy theorists in the *Doctor Who* fan club prepared for the worst. The BBC despises the show, they said darkly: it is happy to make money out of it in the form of videos and promotional material produced by BBC Enterprises, but would rather be spared the actual expense of actually making it.

"But will he return? The grumpy fans at the exhibition doubt it: in their opinion, the flamboyant Time Lord has survived countless battles only to be stabbed in the back by grey-suited men in Shepherd's Bush. Other fans take a more optimistic view. Two years ago the BBC sold the film rights to a firm called Green Light Productions. So far, nothing has happened, but the company insists the project is still alive. 'We have a great new concept which we're keeping a deadly secret,' says a spokesman, a touch unconvincingly.

"John Freeman, editor of Marvel Comics' *Doctor Who Magazine*, believes the Doctor will eventually return. But so far, he says, independent producers have been scared off by the BBC's proprietorial attitude: its tight-fisted desire to keep control of the licensing of promotional products and its insistence on knowing details like the identity of the new Doctor. "No independent company in its right mind is going to give the BBC that sort of information without some sort of assurance that it'll get the contract,' says Freeman.

"Why is the BBC being so difficult? The most plausible explanation is that it is not really sure what to *do* with *Doctor Who*."

According to *The Mail on Sunday* on 4th August, they certainly knew what they *didn't* want to do with it – even it meant turning down £2.4 million from independent company Naked Eye, who wanted to shoot twelve half-hour episodes starring Tom Baker. The intended producer, Andrew Sewell, told the newspaper "It's a great shame."

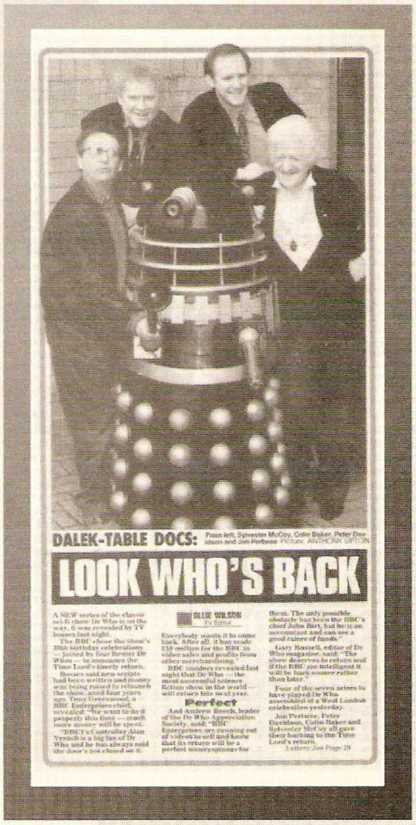
At least Tom, who had almost become Doctors Four and Eight, was keeping cheerful. He was in fine form sparring with the *Daily Mirror* on 28th March 1992 when he revealed his plans for an autobiography. "Recently he was approached by a publisher who was so amused by his showbiz stories that he asked him if he'd ever written his life story. A publishing company then approached him about a book. Baker quickly learnt to type and told his wife after dinner one night: 'I'm going to write my autobiography.'

"He went into another room at 8pm and started typing. And by 9.30pm he'd finished. He told his wife: 'I've decided that churning out 300 pages in a book priced at £14.99 would probably sell about 14 copies. Instead I'm writing my whole life story on a large glossy postcard, with a picture. This way it would be better to sell six million of these at 20p. I'll make a lot more money and I won't bore the socks off everyone like so many showbiz biographies do.'"

1992, an otherwise quiet year for increasingly despondent *Doctor Who* followers, was also notable for the launching of a rather more serious literary endeavour: Virgin Books' *Doctor Who – The New Adventures. The News of the World* greeted the first book in the series in an uncharacteristically prudish manner. "Sexterminate him!" the paper exclaimed on 11th August, "Dr Who's too blue!"

Accompanied by a tastefully censored picture of a stark-naked Sylvester McCoy (taken during a performance of the vasectomy clinic comedy *Having a Ball*) reporter Ian Brandes revealed the shocking truth behind the new novels. "Somewhere out in the galaxy, Dr Who is cowering under his scarf in shame. The latest sci-fi adventure of the man who never said anything naughtier than 'blast-off' is soft-porn. And outraged fans are definitely not over the moon. In an adults-only version of the long-running BBC children's classic, the time traveller meets 13-year-old prostitutes and a kinky king. The dirty doc even jokes about 'lying down on the job' in an officially approved book, *Timewyrm: Genesys.* Other sexy shocks in store for fans used to watching the teatime telly hero include:

"● sidekick Ace being groped by a randy ►

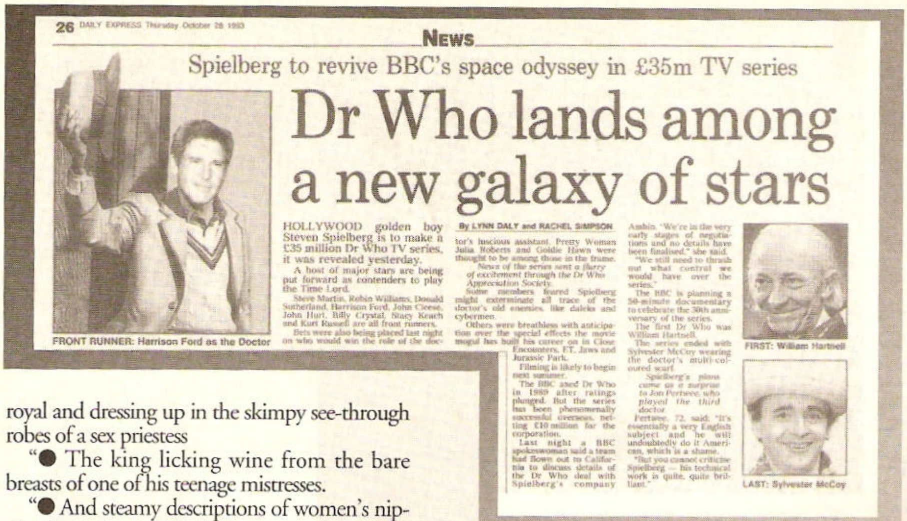


DALEK-TABLE DOCS: From left, Sylvester McCoy, Colin Baker, Peter Davison and Jon Pertwee Picture: ANTHONY UPTON

LOOK WHO'S BACK

OLLIE WILSON
TV Editor

Perfect



26 DAILY EXPRESS Thursday October 28 1993

NEWS

Spielberg to revive BBC's space odyssey in £35m TV series

Dr Who lands among a new galaxy of stars

FRONT RUNNER: Harrison Ford as the Doctor

By LYNN DALY and RACHEL SIMPSON

HOLLYWOOD golden boy Steven Spielberg is to make a £35 million Dr Who TV series, it was revealed yesterday.

A host of major stars are being put forward as contenders to play the Time Lord.

Steve Martin, Robin Williams, Donald Sutherland, Harrison Ford, John Cleese, John Hurt, Billy Crystal, Stacy Keach and Kurt Russell are all front runners.

Bets were also being placed last night on who would win the role of the doctor's luscious assistant. Pretty Woman Julia Roberts and Goldie Hawn were thought to be among those in the frame.

News of the series sent a flurry of excitement through the Dr Who Appreciation Society.

Some members feared Spielberg might exterminate all trace of the doctor's old enemies, like daleks and cybermen.

Others were breathless with anticipation over the special effects the movie mogul has built his career on in Close Encounters, ET, Jaws and Jurassic Park.

Filming is likely to begin next summer.

The BBC axed Dr Who in 1989 after ratings plunged. But the series has been phenomenally successful overseas, netting £10 million for the corporation.

Last night a BBC spokeswoman said a team had flown out to California to discuss details of the Dr Who deal with Spielberg's company Amblin. "We're in the very early stages of negotiations and no details have been finalised," she said.

"We still need to thrash out what control we would have over the series."

The BBC is planning a 50-minute documentary to celebrate the 30th anniversary of the series.

The first Dr Who was William Hartnell.

The series ended with Sylvester McCoy wearing the doctor's multi-coloured scarf.

Spielberg's plans came as a surprise to Jon Pertwee, who played the third doctor.

Pertwee, 72, said: "It's essentially a very English subject and he will undoubtedly do it American, which is a shame.

"But you cannot criticise Spielberg — his technical work is quite, quite brilliant."

FIRST: William Hartnell

LAST: Sylvester McCoy

◄ royal and dressing up in the skimpy see-through robes of a sex priestess

"● The king licking wine from the bare breasts of one of his teenage mistresses.

"● And steamy descriptions of women's nipples, buttocks and skirt lifting.

"*Who* actor Sylvester McCoy's face is on the cover of the book , by John Peel. And the foreword has been written by actress Sophie Aldred, who plays Ace in the long-running TV series. A spokesman for Virgin Publishing said: 'This book is aimed at an older audience. It's been produced with the full approval of BBC television.'"

1993 – the year *Doctor Who* would have been thirty years old – saw celebrations of an altogether commercial nature initiated by BBC Enterprises in April. A huge press launch mounted in a disconcertingly vacant office development in Hammersmith alerted newspapers that someone special was celebrating a birthday. *The Guardian*'s Sally Weale, reporting on 28th April, was keeping a careful eye on proceedings. "Due to traffic congestion on our primitive planet, celebrations to mark *Dr Who*'s 30th birthday would be delayed by 10-15 minutes, the Time Lord announced.

"What matter minutes in this world of Tardis time travel? Indeed, what matter months? For as all good *Who* aficionados know, the Doctor and his battered blue police box did not appear on our screens until 23 November, 1963. They went out of production in 1989, and since then fans have had to make do with re-runs. Yesterday's press launch might have been running late, but the BBC enterprises and licensing departments are getting in early. The 30th anniversary party for the world's longest-running sci-fi show, which is sold to 74 countries, is under way. With it comes a bewildering range of commemorative merchandise. There are videos, including such classic adventures as *Terror of the Autons, Vengeance on Varos, The Keeper of Traken, Doctor Who and the Silurians,* and special boxed sets of *Remembrance of the Daleks.*

"Four of the seven Doctors (two have died and Tom Baker, the one with the floppy hat, knitted scarf and wild eyes, had a prior engagement) emerged from time-travel retirement to attend the launch in the futuristic setting of the Ark, and innovative but empty office building in Hammersmith, west London. Jon Pertwee (No.3) dressed for the occasion in trademark purple velvet smoking jacket and frilly shirt, but all four were united in their call to the BBC to bring the Doctor back. 'It's the only sensible thing to do,' said Sylvester McCoy, the seventh and most recent incumbent. '*Doctor Who* makes money for the BBC. I find it strange they are not making it.'"

Unbeknown to Mr McCoy, and in fact almost everyone else, plans to return *Doctor Who* had been afoot at BBC Enterprises for some time. Whether the hordes of sarcastically inquisitive press reporters at the Ark event were the catalyst (questions such as "if the programme is as successful and popular as you claim, why are you no longer making it?" were not uncommon) or whether it was the recent appointment of *Who*-friendly Alan Yentob as BBC1 Controller is uncertain, but more than video releases and repeats were planned to mark the Thirtieth Anniversary. The press launch had seen one flustered BBC executive reveal that a script for a Thirtieth Anniversary story was in development and, on 17th June 1993, *The Stage* made the news public. "BBC Television is set to revive the long-running science fiction drama Doctor Who, which it put on ice four years ago. It is developing a 90 minute one-off which it is expected to screen in November when the programme celebrates its thirtieth anniversary. It is hoped the special will feature all five surviving actors who have played Doctor Who. All have received availability requests, but are unlikely to commit themselves until they have seen the script.

"The special is based on a script by Adrian Rigelsford, a long-standing fan of the programme and a former writer at Pinewood Studios' script pool. The BBC is understood to have approached Graeme Harper, who has worked as a director on the series, to produce and direct. Filming is slated for August and September.

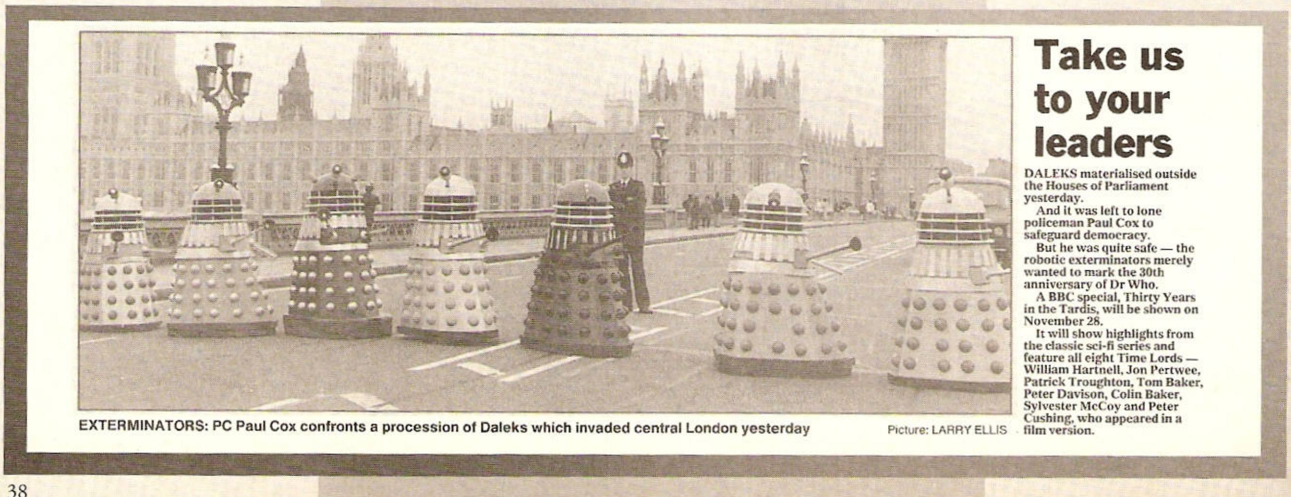
"*Doctor Who*'s resurrection was initiated by BBC Enterprises, the Corporation's commercial arm, which has sold the programme internationally and is responsible for the best-selling video editions of stories. The series is Enterprises' most consistent source of revenue, having brought in around £10 million to date, and the company has said it will put up the bulk of the funding for the special.

"The project was originally mooted as a video-only release until the appointment of Alan Yentob as the Controller of BBC1. Yentob scheduled the recent season of repeats in his previous capacity as controller of BBC2, and is understood to be better disposed towards the series than his predecessor, Jonathan Powell.

"A spokesman for BBC Television said: 'We are looking at the possibility of a *Doctor Who* special, but nothing has been firmed up yet.'

The Evening Standard's Nicholas Hellen, while clearly delighted at the prospect of further adventures in the TARDIS, was aware of the effect of the passing years on the show and its stars. "It now seems certain the BBC will have to update the show with the sort of special effects pioneered by Arnold Schwarzenegger's *Terminator 2* film. Some of the older Time Lords, such as 74-year-old Jon Pertwee, might also welcome a little help to cover up the effects of the passing years."

Barely had the public, the press and fans got used to the idea of new Doctor Who, then they had to resume an altogether more familiar feeling. "Beeb top brass in who's Who botch-up" reported the *Daily Star*, less than a month after the happy news. "Bungling BBC bosses have botched a new 90-minute TV special to celebrate 30 years of *Doctor Who*. The reunion, featuring all the surviving Time Lords, has been scrapped after a bust-up over the Tardis pecking



EXTERMINATORS: PC Paul Cox confronts a procession of Daleks which invaded central London yesterday

Picture: LARRY ELLIS

Take us to your leaders

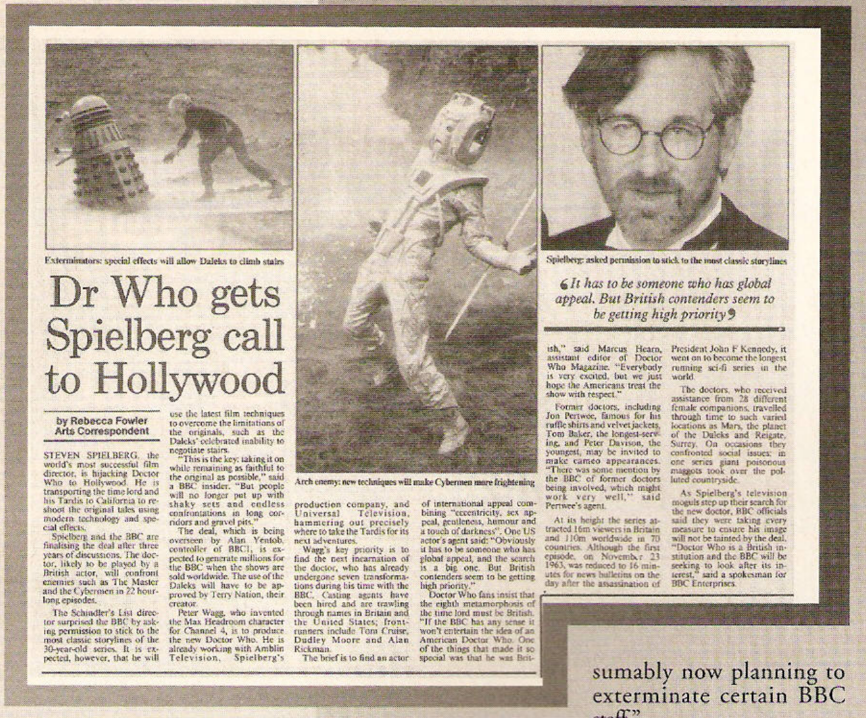
DALEKS materialised outside the Houses of Parliament yesterday.

And it was left to lone policeman Paul Cox to safeguard democracy.

But he was quite safe — the robotic exterminators merely wanted to mark the 30th anniversary of Dr Who.

A BBC special, Thirty Years in the Tardis, will be shown on November 28.

It will show highlights from the classic sci-fi series and feature all eight Time Lords — William Hartnell, Jon Pertwee, Patrick Troughton, Tom Baker, Peter Davison, Colin Baker, Sylvester McCoy and Peter Cushing, who appeared in a film version.



Exterminators: special effects will allow Daleks to climb stairs

Arch enemy: new techniques will make Cybermen more frightening

Spielberg: asked permission to stick to the most classic storylines

Dr Who gets Spielberg call to Hollywood

by Rebecca Fowler
Arts Correspondent

STEVEN SPIELBERG, the world's most successful film director, is hijacking Doctor Who to Hollywood. He is transporting the time lord and his Tardis to California to reshoot the original tales using modern technology and special effects.

Spielberg and the BBC are finalising the deal after three years of discussions. The doctor, likely to be played by a British actor, will confront enemies such as The Master and the Cybermen in 22 hour-long episodes.

The Schindler's List director surprised the BBC by asking permission to stick to the most classic storylines of the 30-year-old series. It is expected, however, that he will use the latest film techniques to overcome the limitations of the originals, such as the Daleks' celebrated inability to negotiate stairs.

"This is the key: taking it on while remaining as faithful to the original as possible," said a BBC insider. "But people will no longer put up with shaky sets and endless confrontations in long corridors and gravel pits."

The deal, which is being overseen by Alan Yentob, controller of BBC1, is expected to generate millions for the BBC when the shows are sold worldwide. The use of the Daleks will have to be approved by Terry Nation, their creator.

Peter Wagg, who invented the Max Headroom character for Channel 4, is to produce the new Doctor Who. He is already working with Amblin Television, Spielberg's production company, and Universal Television, hammering out precisely where to take the Tardis for its next adventures.

Wagg's key priority is to find the next incarnation of the doctor, who has already undergone seven transformations during his time with the BBC. Casting agents have been hired and are trawling through names in Britain and the United States; front-runners include Tom Cruise, Dudley Moore and Alan Rickman.

The brief is to find an actor of international appeal combining "eccentricity, sex appeal, gentleness, humour and a touch of darkness". One US actor's agent said: "Obviously it has to be someone who has global appeal, and the search is a big one. But British contenders seem to be getting high priority."

Doctor Who fans insist that the eighth metamorphosis of the time lord must be British. "If the BBC has any sense it won't entertain the idea of an American Doctor Who. One of the things that made it so special was that he was British," said Marcus Hearn, assistant editor of Doctor Who Magazine. "Everybody is very excited, but we just hope the Americans treat the show with respect."

> *❛It has to be someone who has global appeal. But British contenders seem to be getting high priority❜*

Former doctors, including Jon Pertwee, famous for his ruffle shirts and velvet jackets, Tom Baker, the longest-serving, and Peter Davison, the youngest, may be invited to make cameo appearances. "There was some mention by the BBC of former doctors being involved, which might work very well," said Pertwee's agent.

At its height the series attracted 16m viewers in Britain and 110m worldwide in 70 countries. Although the first episode, on November 23 1963, was reduced to 16 minutes for news bulletins on the day after the assassination of President John F Kennedy, it went on to become the longest running sci-fi series in the world.

The doctors, who received assistance from 28 different female companions, travelled through time to such varied locations as Mars, the planet of the Daleks and Reigate, Surrey. On occasions they confronted social issues: in one series giant poisonous maggots took over the polluted countryside.

As Spielberg's television moguls step up their search for the new doctor, BBC officials said they were taking every measure to ensure his image will not be tainted by the deal. "Doctor Who is a British institution and the BBC will be seeking to look after its interest," said a spokesman for BBC Enterprises.

order. Insiders say the project fell apart because the controversial script was based around just one Doctor, Tom Baker.

"Colin Baker, who played the sixth Dr Who in the 1980s, said: 'Basically the BBC have left it rather late and come up with a no-no. If they do a script for Tom Baker, then they will only get Tom Baker in it. It's not his fault if the BBC send out a stupid script.' Colin, of Cadmore End, Bucks, said it would be very difficult for any of the doctors to step down and play a minor role."

The Standard's Nicholas Hellen blamed more powerful culprits for the project's cancellation. "It should have been the perfect opportunity to display the BBC Drama Department's fresh willingness to give the public what they want. But the ignominious collapse of plans to screen a 30th anniversary special of *Dr Who* has infuriated the show's thousands of fans and made the return of the Time Lord appear more remote than ever. Disregarding a three-line whip against discussing the fiasco, my BBC source tells me that the project ran aground on an unusually ill-tempered power struggle between rival departments. *Dr Who* has never been a favourite of the Drama Department. Indeed, one school of thought has it that the show was axed just to spite its obsessive fans. But scrapping production three weeks into development has ended up irritating everybody. Garry Russell, editor of the *Dr Who* fanzine tells me of hopes dashed and money wasted.

"Actor Colin Baker, one of the more recent Doctors, is more dismissive: 'It is sad that it went so far and failed to work out.' In time-honoured Corporation fashion, he was still waiting to be told of the show's cancellation."

"The real reason," claimed *Time Out* in late July, "denied by the BBC of course, was internal politics. BBC Enterprises, which markets the videos, was planning to set up a production company; this alarmed the anti-*Doctor Who* BBC drama department (motto: 'We are the superior beings! We obey no-one!'). Members of the drama department saw the board of governors while BBC1 Controller Alan Yentob, who backed the show, was away, resulting in the Doctor being dropped. Yentob was said to be furious when he discovered the news and is presumably now planning to exterminate certain BBC staff."

The post mortem dragged on further, with perhaps the most perceptive overview provided by the *Daily Mail*'s Marcus Berkmann on 8th August. After a lengthy resume of 'This sorry tale of whose Who' he concluded "a change of mind seems unlikely – well, the board of management wouldn't want to lose face, would they?

"The much trumpeted return of *Doctor Who* is no more. A resuscitation of the project is still a possibility, but that's the optimist's view. As a result of this fiasco, John Birt's attempts to introduce competition into the BBC look even more tattered than before. BBC Enterprises has lost the opportunity to clean up on the anniversary, and, most important, the programme's fans have been deprived of their promised special.

"Could there be any greater example of institutional daftness?"

As one of the most miserable years in *Doctor Who* appreciation drew to a disappointing end, an anniversary no-one, least of all the press, felt like celebrating approached. When what frankly seemed like the most ridiculous rumour in *Doctor Who*'s long history appeared no-one took very much notice. Could, as the *Daily Star* reported, David Hasselhoff really be teaming up with an ex-Benny Hill girl to star in a Steven Spielberg production of *Doctor Who?* However, the rumours were suspiciously persistent . . .

"A timeless British tradition is falling to Hollywood," reported *The Times'* Rachel Kelly on 27th October. "Left to us, *Doctor Who* would languish. The proposed American injection of cash and Spielberg vigour offers us the prospect of a new 22-part series. The baddies that Mr Spielberg dreams up are bound to be better than anything created by the BBC's special effects department.

"*Doctor Who,* of all characters, is ripe for the Spielberg treatment. For all his Englishness, he has an exotic, other-worldly character which will lend well to a bit of transatlantic polish. . . Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. We should accept it gracefully."

In the absence of an official statement from a BBC understandably reticent after recent mishaps, rumour and speculation continued in the press. In an astonishing flurry of activity spilling into 1994, *Doctor Who*'s media profile rose to perhaps its highest-ever level. "Spielberg aims to film *Dr Who* with Crawford as Time Lord" announced the *Daily Mail*'s usually reliable Baz Bamigboye on 28th January. "Executives at Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment at Universal City near Los Angeles and key BBC people believe Michael Crawford would be 'perfect' because he's British and is popular on both sides of the Atlantic. The BBC owns the *Dr Who* character and would license him to Amblin.

"Crawford sounds right for the part. He's agile, amusing and he could handle all the special effects required. Crawford has longed for a new role to stamp his mark on, as he did indelibly with Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Phantom of the Opera* in London, New York and Los Angeles.

"One senior BBC executive told me: 'We're in the very early stages of discussion and we want to get to the point where we agree in principle. After that we can talk about whether it's best suited to be a motion picture a lavish film series for television. Whatever happens, the BBC will make some money out of it, but not a fortune because Amblin and a Hollywood studio would be taking most of the financial risk.'"

In actual fact, when the BBC finally confirmed what everybody had known for some months, the resulting resurgence of press coverage clarified that the movie rights resided with a company other than Amblin. Mr Spielberg was, however, definitely the prime mover in the television stakes. "Dr Who travels forward in time," wrote *The Independent*'s Ian MacKinnon in a front-page feature on 1st February. "A successful conclusion to the negotiations will start the producers looking for scripts and casting the new series later this year, with the first journey through time some time in 1995. BBC Enterprises maintains it is still too early to say if the new series will be produced in this country or in the United States, or even whether a British actor will be cast in the leading role as the Doctors latest incarnation.

"Marcus Hearn, assistant editor of the *Doctor Who Magazine,* said: 'I don't feel there is a need to indulge in American production techniques and hope that the injection of US money doesn't lead it to betray the kinds of values that made the show so successful.'"

As the speculation and rumour continued at an almost daily frequency in the British press, a lone voice of dissent came from *The Guardian*'s Adam Sweeting – a man daring to suggest that, possibly, *Doctor Who* had never been worth the effort. "It will be news to no-one that cable and satellite is stuffed with cheap buy-ins, but the dripping tap effect of all these TV ghosts swirling through the ether will steadily amount to a full-scale haunting of British TV. Already, it has made a mockery of the BBC's celebrations of 30 years of *Dr Who.* Lethargy and inertia will be the only response from anybody who has been steeped in the steady dose of *Dr Who* repeats which have been running on UK Gold. They will already have been doused by the spirit-dampening revelation that *Dr Who* was never, by and large, very good. Your correspondent is increasingly persuaded that the only acceptable was the irascible, William Hartnell."

Which just goes to show that if Fleet Street has been consistent in one thing for the last thirty years of *Doctor Who* criticism, it's been nothing less than inconsistent.

Marcus Hearn

N.B. All inaccuracies in quoted passages are reproduced directly from the original reports. ◆

THE ANNUALS OF HISTORY

In the second part of their on-going investigation into the creation of the old *Doctor Who Annuals*, Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons talk to artist Walter Howarth about his memories, likes and dislikes.

The first artist to work on World Distributors' series of *Doctor Who Annuals* was Bolton-based Walter Howarth. In retrospect, it was a natural choice, for a career which spanned almost half a century Walter illustrated most of modern mythology's popular icons – everyone from Superman to Ena Sharples. His first piece of professional artwork was, however, quite a low-key affair and appeared on the cover of *Bolton's Salute to the Soldier Week* Programme in 1946. An avid Bolton Wanderers supporter, Walter realised his artwork could improve their programme covers too. "They were bloody awful at the time," he recalls. "I sent in a drawing for the programme cover and Walter Rowley, the manager, sent for me and I met all the players." Soon Walter was not only contributing covers but getting "five bob a time" for his caricatures of the players. In 1953 a cartoon of the full team earned him two tickets for the classic Wembly Cup Final against Blackpool.

By this time, however, Walter had found full employment with the Manchester-based Industrial Arts agency. He was soon joined by his friend Edgar Hodges who, in later years, would illustrate the *Doctor Who Annuals* that featured the Third Doctor. "I've known Edgar since he was five. He's two weeks younger than me," explains Walter. "I studied the figure, whereas Edgar studied architecture – but then he packed all that in. He was more a landscape and ship artist. He's done some magnificent marine paintings."

As a member of Industrial Art's versatile team, Walter was contracted to work for nearby World Distributors who were expanding their publishing interests, primarily with an extensive range of Western titles. "I was the first artist they had at World," he remembers. "I did ten years of Westerns – it was all the rage from the Fifties onwards." Fortunately for Walter, Westerns were something he'd always had a great affinity for. "I was doing so many that I collected all the flora and fauna, all the pictures and everything about the deserts, where the Red Indians lived – I could name about eighty tribes – so I knew what I was talking about." His knowledge of the subject ensured that the covers were totally authentic and he always painted them much larger than the finished size in order to include many tiny details when they were eventually reduced for printing.

The early World annuals were published in a uniform edition with a distinctive typeface on mostly yellow spines. Walter is certain that he painted every one of those covers. Able as he is to reproduce likenesess with almost photographic accuracy, it is easy to see why he was given so much of that kind of work. On only one occasion does he recall a complaint from his boss, John Pemberton. "I had trouble with John over *Cheyenne*. His idea of the actor Clint Walker was different to mine. One particular painting didn't show his high cheekbones, but it depends how you look at them – you get half-a-dozen photographs and they're all different."

Walter has kept a few souvenirs from his Western period, among them a photo, taken in Manchester's Midland Hotel in 1958 of Clayton Moore in his *Lone Ranger* garb. One of the few pieces of artwork he has managed to retain is an unused cover for a *Wagon Train Annual*. He explains why this one of his few 'rejections': "We used to do these covers for September and they'd be printed by January for the book fair. Then Ward Bond, the actor, died in November, so I had to do a fresh cover with just Robert Horton on it and I got this picture back which wasn't usual. It was only when I started working for Ladybird Books a few years ago that I found out they'd changed the rules whereby everything the artist did belonged to the artist. Before, I never saw all the hundreds of pictures I did ever again. I never thought of asking for them, if it was any good I just asked for a print.

"The biggest clanger I ever dropped in my life was when I did some *Rupert the Bear* stuff. I did these four jigsaws but they were too bright and the *Daily Express* in London (who owned Rupert) didn't pass them. They said I had to do them in watercolours instead of designer's colours. So I redid them – I got paid twice so I wasn't bothered – and as a reference they sent me the original Alfred Bestall endpaper painting with all the frogs. Shortly afterwards, the jigsaw company folded and I could have kept the thing, but I gave it back. Later, I asked the man in charge what had happened to it and he'd shredded it!"

The popularity of the Western genre began to flag somewhat in the early Sixties. World continued to publish a few television-based cowboy books like *Bonanza*, though for obvious reasons these large-cast shows didn't always appeal to Walter. "They paid you the same price for a cover with five or six people on it as they did for a picture of one!"

In 1965 Walter worked on the first of World's long-running series of *Doctor Who Annuals*. "*Doc-tor Who* more or less came about when the Westerns finished and *Danger Man* and all that sort of business started," he says and then adds with more than a hint of regret, "which I wasn't all that thrilled with really – I'd rather have had horses."

Walter made a point of watching all the programmes his paintings were based on, but his initial impressions of *Doctor Who* were not entirely favourable. "When it started out it always seemed amateurish, with cardboard sets," he says. "But I liked painting William Hartnell," he adds diplomatically. It was just as well because at World alone he drew the First Doctor in puzzle books, painting books, sticker fun books and on the cover of the one-off story book *Doctor Who and the Invasion from Space*.

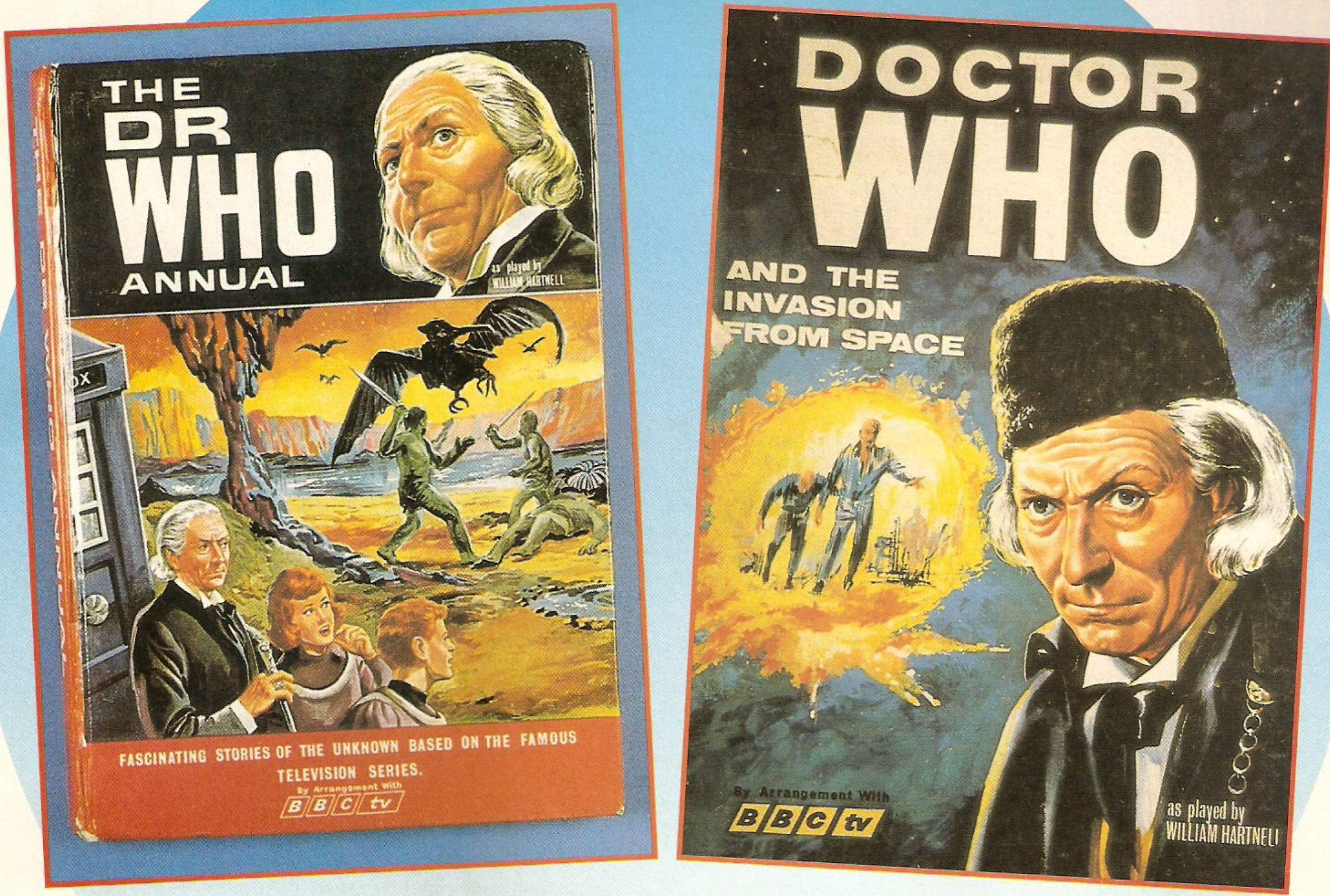
Despite illustrating practically all of the first *Doctor Who Annual*, Walter recalls very little about working on it. He does, however, have an opinion on the quality of the paper and printing: "It was crap! That's why you used bright colours – it was done to counteract the toilet paper it was printed on."

Walter's recollections of working on the second *Doctor Who Annual* remain strong, for one reason in particular. "I remember taking that in because I got booked by a speed cop. I wasn't late, I was just cruising through Whitefield into Manchester and I got stopped by a motorcycle cop along that stretch. I was only doing forty-three!"

Finding suitable reference for the drawing of Hartnell on the top right of the cover presented a problem for Walter for a while too. "I picked that one up out of a newspaper. We were never provided with proper photos. I wish I'd had a video recorder forty years ago, although all those sci-fi things are really all-in-your-head sorts of things aren't they? So you could do any-

DANGER MAN
LONE RANGER
BRONCO
BONANZA
THE OUTER LIMITS
RAWHIDE
Maverick
CHEYENNE
BEWITCHED ANNUAL
DR WHO ANNUAL
BONANZA
JOHN WAYNE
THE DR WHO ANNUAL
TOMORROW WE LIVE
PHANTOM
TOMORROW WE LIVE
WAGON TRAIN ANNUAL
CHEYENNE COMIC ALBUM

Walter Howarth surrounded by many examples of his extraordinary output.


THE DR WHO ANNUAL
as played by WILLIAM HARTNELL
FASCINATING STORIES OF THE UNKNOWN BASED ON THE FAMOUS TELEVISION SERIES.
By Arrangement With BBC tv
DOCTOR WHO AND THE INVASION FROM SPACE
By Arrangement With BBC tv
as played by WILLIAM HARTNELL

Left: The second *Doctor Who Annual*, with a cover painting by Walter Howarth.
Right: Walter painted the cover for the first annual-format storybook, *Doctor Who and the Invasion from Space*.

thing." The book also included Walter's first *Who* comic strip – *Mission for Duh*, on the subject of which he simply says: "I did a lot of comic strips and I liked drawing them, but they were just line drawings.

"I did the picture and Ron Smethurst (see **DWM** 211) might have done the background," comments Walter about the cover of the first annual to feature the Second Doctor. "There was a time when John Pemberton thought of doing stuff whereby somebody who could paint faces and figures, like I could, would do that and someone else would mop in a background. That happened once or twice – sometimes Ron would design the cover and pass it to me and I'd bang in the heads and what-nots."

For the next *Doctor Who* cover, Walter not only "banged in" the Second Doctor but added Jamie and a Cyberman for good measure. It was to be his last *Doctor Who*-related work for World for some time. Industrial Arts had folded around that time and the artists had been given the option to join World's staff. Walter elected to go freelance rather than be restricted to one firm and have to work in a studio five days a week. "I started working from home in 1956 and I'm still married!" he jokes. But despite his status Walter's desire to work for other publishers in the late Sixties precluded him for doing further work for World for several years. He explains: "There was an unwritten law in those days, when Pemberton ruled, which everybody adhered to – if you worked for them you didn't work for anyone else. It was just a gentlemens' agreement. It doesn't happen today; it's not like opening a chip shop next to another chip shop – they'd do that nowadays. They'd keep you going because there was tons of work – I remember one year, in their heyday, World did sixteen annuals and I worked on thirteen on them."

Presumably this unwritten law didn't extend to artwork carried out for firms which weren't publishers, as Walter recalled: "I did some Dalek jigsaws for this company in Manchester. They were the first of their kind. There were only two done and the Dalek pieces stood up. They were for Thomas Hope and Sankey Hudson. They've closed down now – their factory was in Royton – and they sold out to Astair and it became Astair Hope. I did tons of jigsaws: I did the Beatles, *The Avengers*, James Bond, *Danger Man, Steptoe and Son* . . ."

When it was pointed out that the company produced a further five ordinary Dalek jigsaws he said: "I was introduced to them in 1963 and I did everything exclusively, so I would have done all the Daleks – I remember one was on Westminster Bridge in London."

During Walter's temporary absence from World Distributors he worked for most publishers in the UK. His projects even included illustrating various Walt Disney characters. "I was one of their accredited artists," he says proudly. "You can't get in with them now, there are only certain studios allowed to handle them. I'd got to such a pitch with them that I didn't have to send them a rough drawing, they knew it would be all right. A lot of people think drawing Mickey Mouse is easy, but it's not. You have to have spot-on accuracy. You could only draw him in certain positions – you couldn't have a picture looking down on him from above.

"One of the nicest letters I ever got was off Gerry Anderson," says Walter, recalling some of his other non-World work. "I did a *Terrahawks* book and the letter said they were the best drawings he'd ever had. I did those for Purnell, just before Robert Maxwell bought them up – what a shower he was! I was working on *The Professionals* for Stafford Pemberton in Knutsford and they went bust. Purnell bought all the gear they'd done and I finished it off for them, but before they could pay me Maxwell stepped in and closed the plant down. I did get the money eventually through one of his other companies."

During the Seventies Walter returned to work for World on various titles, including the comic strips *Human Bombs* and *Island of Terror* for the 1979 *Dalek Annual*, a fact which Walter denied until he actually saw them again. "Yes, they're my drawings. Fancy that, I'd forgotten I'd done them." In order to explain his forgetfulness he says: "Of course they were doing such a lot of stuff that while you were working on one set of stories, they'd give another set to someone else and then knock 'em all into one book to get it done on time."

Today Walter is "almost retired" and spends lot of his spare time watching Bolton Wanderers or singing in the local choir. Occasionally he tracks down some of his old books, such as a copy of *The Saint Annual* he recently picked up for 30p. "I go out and browse around these flea markets, but they ask some ridiculous prices. I had a John Wayne in my hands sometime last year – it was an oil painting I'd done – and they wanted ten bob for it. It was nothing, but I refused to buy it – the damn book only cost seven and six when it came out!"

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TIMELINES

Compiled by Marcus Hearn

I AM NOT A NUMBER

Thanks for another issue of **Doctor Who Magazine** (Issue 211) and another splendid collection of articles – particularly a much-awaited and reasonably informative interview with Philip Hinchcliffe. I remain constantly amazed that the people associated with *Doctor Who* so long ago actually remember so much about their time on the show. It says a lot for the programme's staying power!

I gather from the press that the Spielberg TV deal may yet go through and from Radio 1 that Jane Seymour has been cast as the Doctor for a new movie. My, things haven't changed much in six years of rumour and speculation, have they? Personally, I think *Doctor Who* is more than capable of holding its own as a US production – despite Spielberg's dodgy track record for TV shows, the guy is probably one of the most successful directors in contemporary cinema and well capable of making the show work. I just hope the BBC maintain at least some interest in its production (and not just the licensing rights). I'd prefer an English actor as the lead, which may seem horribly Anglophile, but surely it would be nice to have at least some continuity between the old and new generations of the show. Given Colin Baker's part in one episode of *Young Indiana Jones*, perhaps he knows something we don't?

Anyway – thanks for the continuing strengths of **Doctor Who Magazine**, particularly new comic strip at a time when Marvel UK has suffered several setbacks in producing original material elsewhere. I gather *The Age of Chaos* was one of the casualties though I'm glad to hear it's still destined for production – shades of *Evening's Empire!*

John Freeman,
Lancaster,
Lancashire

There will be cause for long-awaited celebration amongst readers and erstwhile editors alike when Colin Baker's The Age of Chaos *finally sees print as a Marvel* Doctor Who *special this September.*

OINK

Surprise, surprise! Little Craig Hinton is at it again!

With all due *dis*respect to Mr Hinton, I ask that this whining overgrown schoolboy be fired and forced to grow up for a few years before thinking he is equipped to review books. This tough-boy is as much a 'bitch' as he constantly accuses women of being; isn't that sweet of him?

What is Mr Hinton's problem? Does everyone else enjoy his being so out of line about women? He wants every female to be well under outside control, a scared screamer, and God forbid any strength. I fail to understand why Bernice's sarcasm makes her a bad character. (Does Hinton thinks his own, alleged, humour is brilliant?) He called a military woman in *Iceberg* a bitch, didn't he? He always calls Ace a bitch, because she dared have emotional problems and military training. While I admit that her problems with the Doctor were played way out of control, she's strong and competen. I dread reading the *Missing Adventure* that I've heard he's writing and fear what he will do to the women therein!

"Oversexed or what?" in his whimpering *No Future* review is another low point. I didn't see any actual sex occurring in the book. I imagine that if the characters are oversexed – and whose business would it be if they were? – it's understandable in a lifestyle where there's no stability and quite a lot of adrenaline. Anyway, stop moaning Hinton; Ace seems to have put Jan to rest.

"Aren't there enough men around?" If Hinton considers himself more appropriate, I will laugh. He seems just as bad a choice as the people he complains about.

By the way, Hinton, *No Future* has a decent cover compared to the pointless cover of *The Pit*.

Another example of Craigie's 'wit' being unleashed in his attack on Paul Cornell's gay characters in *Love and War*. I felt they were portrayed as people. Interesting people with problems. Which means that they can be 'deeply unhappy' and unfortunately die of AIDS! It happens in life. Maybe not in Hinton's world-view, but as I've said, he needs a strong dose of reality. Certainly, honey, gays can be well-balanced and just happen to be gay, but some also dare to have human problems. And what was that about 'dominatrix lesbians'?! Craigie really can't handle the thought of bisexual military women, can he!

This foolish little git is becoming more than I can tolerate. Please, please, please put a muzzle on his rabid snout and kick him out into reality. He is disgusting.

Sarah Keller,
California,
USA

Which all just goes to illustrate how good old-fashioned Doctor Who *can still engender a reasoned and constructive debate. Mind you, the 'Who's your favourite Doctor?' discussions of my youth are now starting to seem like a long time ago. . . Anyway, we couldn't let an unprecedented tirade of this nature go unanswered, so we gave Craig right of reply:*

Sarah – you seem to have misinterpreted my criticism of Ace and Benny in Paul's book: I was referring to the complete lack of character development since *Love and War*. Benny's sarcasm makes her one of the most refreshing companions in a long time, but Paul's view lacks any of the aspects that authors since *Love and War* have bestowed upon her. Paul, as Benny's creator, should have known more of these facets. Benny has nothing *but* her sarcasm, and I found it tiresome and disappointing.

I didn't refer to Ace as a bitch in the *No Future* review, but the term seemed quite appropriate for Cutler in *Iceberg*. The Ace of *No Future* is a cliche. She is not strong and competent, she is selfish, spiteful and extremely unpleasant, lacking the mellower side developed since her reintroduction. Both Ace and Benny were poorly characterised, *not* 'bad characters'. This has nothing whatsoever to do with their sex, but the manner in which Paul used them in his book. I will continue to criticise characterisation – not characters – if it is not used to the best advantage.

In the Sixties, the Lord Chamberlain's office in Britain decreed that the only homosexuals permissible on stage and screen had to be 'deeply unhappy', tragic people, whose nature meant they were flawed human beings. My comments expressed my disappointment that it's taken a long time for the opposite view to be seen in the series. And I think that 'dominatrix lesbian' is a pretty accurate description of Lacuna in *Deceit*, a woman who spends most of the book inflicting pain on another woman for sexual gratification. Please don't presume that my 'world view' excludes people who have died of AIDS – I only wish this weren't true. I hope you *do* read my novel; two of the major characters are strong, competent women. Such women do inhabit my limited world view: they are among my closest friends and colleagues.

And the only rabid snout I possess is as H'yn'tn in *Legacy*.

PAST TENSE

Virgin have given us *The Missing Adventures*. At last, I thought, a chance to read in detail the stories that didn't quite make it to TV. But of course, they are completely new, and their choice of first author is a dubious one. After all, it was Paul Cornell who wrote *Love and War;* I sincerely hope that *Goth Opera* is not like *The New Adventures* releases. It would seem a little silly, if not pointless, if the books were not in the style of their respective eras. Still, I should at least give the book a chance before I dismiss them all together.

Andrew Kelly,
Selby,
North Yorkshire

NEGLECTED NIMON

I would like to applaud Chris Rowley's comments on *The Horns of Nimon* (**DWM** 210). Despite its problems, it does indeed have an undeserved reputation. To answer his question, *The Creature from the Pit* and *Nightmare of Eden* are indeed just as excellent. In fact, it was after Season Seventeen that I joined the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society. I was eleven at the time but rewatching these and many other stories from this classic and most misjudged of periods on UK Gold, they still stand up. As do numerous ignored stories in the show's history. Let's see your archive section represent the lower profile stories instead of covering some more than once (as with *Terror of the Zygons*). Let's hear a more varied point of view.

Nick Goodman,
Salisbury,
Wiltshire

*In all fairness, our pull-out archives (initiated in **DWM** 180) have never covered the same story twice.*

Although not a very topical issue, I want to argue the merits of Season Fifteen, currently being reshown on UK Gold. I have so far seen four of the six stories and I have to say that I think the season is a classic! Immensely entertaining, varied, well-written and full of interesting visuals – in fact, everything *Doctor Who* should be. What I am incensed about is the treatment this season has received in the past – in particular stories like *The Invisible Enemy* and *Underworld*. Whilst I would be the first to admit that neither are classics, I would say that they are both highly original and entertaining, totally undeserving of their reputations. I seem to recall both stories being selected as 'all-time turkeys' in **DWM** some years ago, and their reviews in *The Fourth Doctor Handbook* are highly critical to say the least.

What I have seen of Season Fifteen so far has done nothing to diminish my enthusiasm for the show, or for the Tom Baker era in particular; in fact it has only increased my admiration for what I have always thought to be the most original, inventive and entertaining television series ever made.

Craig Peters,
Wrexham,
Clwyd

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Please could you tell me who owns the other initials on the free **DWM** postcards and other artwork by Alister Pearson?

David Bloor,
Burton-on-Trent
Staffordshire

Alister has, for the last four years, enjoyed placing the initials of his friends and associates on the many Doctor Who *illustrations he undertakes. For example, **DWM** editor Gary Russell appears on the book covers of* Ghost Light *and* The Silurians, *while I'm lucky enough to make a small appearance on the cover of the recent Barry Letts novel,* The Paradise of Death.

Q: WHO

There were certainly a couple of interesting questions raised in the first *High Council*, but what about the obvious one: why haven't the BBC brought back *Doctor Who?*

Mark Blunden,
Queens Park,
Bournemouth

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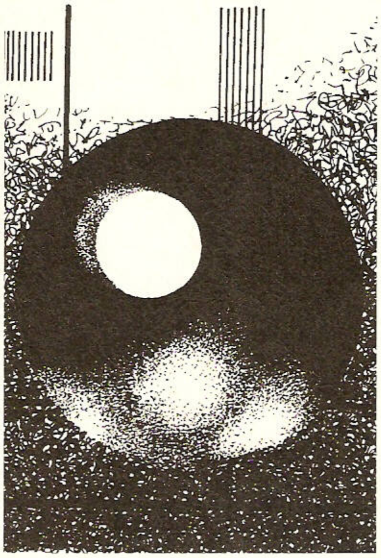

starring
The Fourth Doctor
with **Romana**

Victims
by Dan Abnett

Part 2
As more people on Kolpasha fall victim to the mysterious killer, the Doctor and Romana find themselves on the wrong side of the law . . .

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The Missing Stories...............................HEX
Telesnap Archive........THE WEB OF FEAR 6
Archive..........................FOUR TO DOOMSDAY
Prelude.................ALL-CONSUMING FIRE

Designer PERI GODBOLD
Assistant Editor MARCUS HEARN
Editor GARY RUSSELL

A retrospective of a retrospective

This month saw the long-awaited video release of BBC Video's *The Colin Baker Years.* This unique appraisal of the colourful Sixth Doctor is here reflected upon by Colin Baker – the actor who brought the character so vividly to life.

The mere existence of a project called *The Colin Baker Years* produces a two-fold effect in the writer of this article. There is undoubtedly an awareness that it is the lot of few people to have a retrospective of any part of their life or output. Indeed it is the lot of very few actors – whose profession might, in the optimistic days of youth, lead them to hope for such an honour. At the same time however there is an uncomfortable suggestion in the very title that those years are firmly in the past and to be looked back on (hopefully affectionately) as a neat parcel of memorabilia. *The Bee Gees Greatest Hits* carries with it the inescapable implication that they will never produce anything as superlative again. Similarly, *The Colin Baker Years* seem uncomfortably 'over'. Am I now only to be measured in months, days, hours?

It also made me aware that a decade has now passed since I entered the now familiar but then strange and exciting world of *Doctor Who.*

I was on tour with *Death and the Maiden* in August 1992 when former *Doctor Who* producer John Nathan-Turner asked me to let him know what extracts I would choose to be included in a *Colin Baker Years* project which he was preparing for BBC Enterprises. We met for a very pleasant lunch and discussed possible ways of linking the selected clips and a format within which to introduce them. I had no preconceptions and was happy to be guided by John, given his experience producing similar projects with some of my predecessors. It was decided that I should give the matter some thought and get back to John with some ideas about suitable extracts that might provoke interesting reminisces about my time as the Doctor and at the same time be interesting and varied. Then subject to the acquisition of the appropriate clearance from writers, actors etc., I would film linking material at Longleat, the home of a *Doctor Who* exhibition. There would be a semi-scripted overall introduction and then I would watch the extracts as it were with the viewer and top and tail them with comments.

I resisted the temptation to select only moments in which I thought (with whatever degree of justification!) that I performed well. I decided to operate on a less self-regarding basis and opt for extracts which reminded me of people whose company I had enjoyed particularly (thereby ensuring them a small benefit in terms of the subsequent royalties!) and also clips which reminded me of especially rewarding moments – whether that be professionally, socially or personally speaking. I also must confess to a bias towards those moments which contained humour or provoked humorous anecdotes!

DANDELION WHINE

The first problem was that I had never watched any of the episodes since their original broadcast. It must be borne in mind that, certainly in my case, the initial broadcast would literally be the first time that I had ever seen the finished result of weeks of work, edited together with music, special effects and – weep as you utter it – CUTS!

There would have been very little dispassionate objectivity in that first and hitherto only viewing. I used to hide behind the sofa for very different reasons than the traditional. There were frequent cringes for perceived failures, inelegant movements, grating vocal patterns, moments missed, over-acting, under-acting and general ineptitude. On first viewing of one's own work there is a strong feeling that if Equity cards were to be endorsed for transgressions, like driving licenses, you would be banned for a year on the totting up procedure within the first five minutes! Then there was the horror of realising that a favourite and, subjectively speaking, essential moment had been cut, or the sudden realisation that some highly 'significant' acting had been performed off-camera and that the director had said "Yes Colin, I think it is truly magnificent – the way you are picking the petals off that dandelion," secure in the knowledge that he wasn't going to shoot it. This avoided a confrontation along the lines of: "Why are you doing that, Colin?"

"Well, oh wise and perceptive director, surely you understand the symbolic and louche imagery of the casual defilement of the flower in the context of the similar destruction of the fragile relationship between the Alien and his traditional belief in violent and random mass destruction?"

"No Colin, it's a piece of self-indulgent tosh," etc. etc.

Easier by far to say: "Like the dandelion, Col, luvvy," while making mental note to point camera at infinitely more attractive companion looking winsome. Ah well, winsome, lose some! And now you know where the naff puns come from.

I had therefore not seen the programmes before without the the baggage of all the then recent memories of the rehearsal and filming process. As is the way in this profession, and

***Attack of the Cybermen* saw the Sixth Doctor facing his old enemies early on in his brief lifetime. Photo © BBC**

probably many others, the passage of time brings in the brain's auto-editing process and I had actually in some cases forgotten huge chunks of some of the stories. Viewing them again was surprisingly enjoyable, not I hasten to add from any smug, self-congratulatory viewpoint, but because the extremes of my reactions at the time of working on them were somehow levelled out. The stories about which I had been most enthusiastic were not as absolutely wonderful as I remembered and similarly *Timelash* was actually rather enjoyable.

REWIND TIME

I felt quite guilty spending eighteen hours during the days in Buxton and Bradford, whilst on tour, simply watching tapes of myself in *Doctor Who*. A casual observer might have been forgiven for thinking that it confirmed all their worst suspicions about actors. I used to emerge blinking into the light much as I did many years before, after those long mornings spent watching *Flash Gordon* and cartoons at the Rialto Cinema in Rochdale. It felt quite strange immersing myself in the very real world of Chilean torture (for my theatre role) after reawakening a host of memories of what was undoubtedly one of the happiest periods of my life, professionally and personally.

Among the many guest stars appearing in Colin Baker's era was Brian Blessed, eventually destined to woo Nicola Bryant's character, Peri Brown. Photo © BBC Video

I watched over eighteen hours of tapes and felt for the first time a slight but very real surge of gratitude that I had failed in my inopportune and much vaunted declared intention of beating Tom Baker's seven years on the role. (Fickle Finger of Fate Award for the Eighties!) I suppose some might envy me the opportunity to watch a Doctor's whole output in one extended sitting. To them I would say 'Have you ever winced at the sound of your own voice on a tape-recording?' As in 'Oh no, do I really sound like that, tell me the tape is defective, please!'

I did not watch *Revelation of the Daleks* during this marathon, because I had already been told that the author had refused his permission to use any of the extracts from these episodes or the character of Lytton which he had created in any selection from *Attack of the Cybermen*. I was particularly sorry that I was not able to share with the audience my affection for the late Maurice Colbourne, who I thought invested the character of Lytton with enormous strength and subtlety and was a delightful man to work with, being deceptively laid back and drily humorous.

RACING TO RICHMOND

On the week of 21st September 1992, the play was in Richmond so I was able to drive down to Longleat for 11am, with the strict proviso that I had to be back at the magnificently refurbished Richmond Theatre in good time for the show – preferably no later than 6pm, necessitating a departure time of 3.30ish to cover all possible eventualities.

Carole Ann Ford was recording some linking material for inclusion in another BBC Enterprises release (*The Reign of Terror*, in which she portrayed Susan) when I arrived and for various reasons, mainly associated with the rather restricted space within which we were working this was taking rather longer than had been anticipated. So I was not able to start filming my contribution until after lunch, which left very little time given my commitment in Richmond. The compulsion for an actor not to be late is really embedded in the hard disk of his psyche to such an extent that actors become very agitated if they find themselves in the position of having to rush one job in order to get to another on time. Also Michael Craze was waiting to film material for yet another BBC Enterprises *Doctor Who* project (*The Tenth Planet*, in which he appeared as Ben). Unfortunately, instead of sitting and watching the selections in a leisurely way and then being stimulated into a lively bout of reminiscence, as was the original intention, we now had no time to watch the actual clips in real time. John had edited all the material together, including some non-*Doctor Who* footage from other work in my career, and to save time talked me through the sequence of extracts, reminding me of incidents associated with them. So in a sense I recorded each link cold without the time that I would otherwise have like to be truly spontaneous and expansive. It is often the case though, that pressures of time and production can produce a more exciting end result. I hope that this is true in the case of *The Colin Baker Years* and will leave the viewer to judge.

Nicola Bryant played Peri, the Sixth Doctor's companion, for the majority of his adventures. Photo © BBC Video

The day ended with the happy discovery that my 'Y' reg silver Mercedes (which travelled through eight years and nearly 300,000 miles of my career with me before it inelegantly expired this year on the way back from Torquay) had been washed and polished by Lorne Martin – Exhibitions Organiser Extraordinaire – and the Set Designer, who felt the urge to do something other than cram into the TARDIS set with the crew for hours in uncomfortable silence. Having cleaned their own vehicles mine seemed even more disgusting and provoked their continuing cleansing zeal! I cannot imagine ever being so mind-numbingly bored that I would consider removing months of grime off someone else's car but obviously they are much more generous people than I am. I sped off towards London gleaming literally, if not with self-satisfaction.

I left rather later than intended but arrived in time to assume the role of a shell-shocked liberal lawyer in post-revolutionary Chile with perhaps a little more ease than was customary.

Prelude

THEATRE OF WAR

Source Document

Clisolan's Account of the Pentillanian Festival on Menaxus

The entire festival took place before an invited audience in the Pentillanian Theatre.

As Occlasian ambassador, I was fortunate to be present at a performance of Burgabe's The Hanged Man, which was in this writer's opinion one of his most triumphant works. The play started at exactly 14:00 and was enhanced considerably by the setting, with the Drapanth Mountains visible in the distance as the afternoon suns shone off their western slopes at the start of the play.

The play itself concerned a man whose entire life - his destiny - is mapped out at birth by the gods. He cannot help but play the role written for him in the heavens - a role which culminates in his tragic and undeserved death.

Literary criticism and archaeological research are interlinked. The one may illuminate workings and construction either intended or otherwise by an author; the other may reveal the workings of a civilisation and construction techniques of a building.

But the words of the author, however bland and trite, may reveal much about the civilisation and culture of the society he is incidentally documenting. And the architecture of a ruined playhouse will give invaluable insight into the staging techniques and character of the plays performed there.

The Ways of the Worlds
Hugo Dalthwaite, 2012

She was close to it. Camarina Lannic had been ploughing through the documents for almost a week, and at last she was within reach. She read through Clisolan's account of the Pentillanian Festival again. There was something there - hiding in his words - something that could fit the final piece into the puzzle.

She looked up sharply as a shadow fell across the screen, throwing the lettering of the facsimile document into sharper relief against the illuminated background. The old man was leaning over her, his white beard almost touching her cheek. He smiled at her from point blank range and a silver salver appeared from nowhere beside her, a glass of wine reaching towards her poised hand.

The old archivist straightened up as Lannic took the glass. He was still smiling - his face cracked open like a weather-weary statue. A smile of duty rather than displaying any genuine emotion - all part of the act.

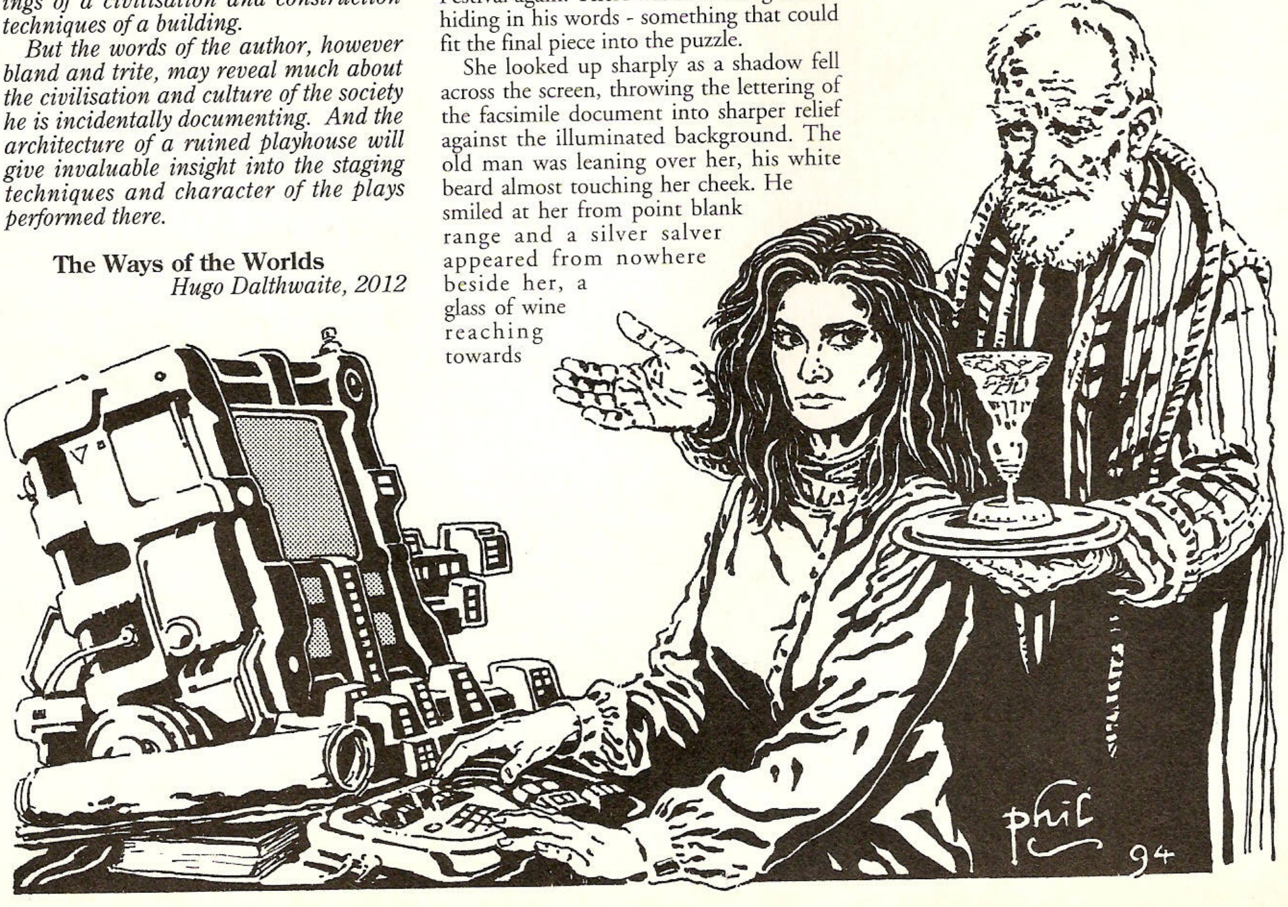
'Thank you, Elliniko.' She was not sure she wanted the wine - she resented the interruption.

Elliniko nodded. 'With the compliments of Irving Braxiatel.' He turned and left without waiting to see her surprise.

Lannic watched him make his slow way down the long room back to his workstation near the entrance. Elliniko's shadow followed him along the polished floor, darkening as he crossed the bands of sunlight which shone between the leaded glass of the high curved ceiling. The researchers at the other desks along the length of the book-lined room ignored his progress, intent on the puzzles of the past rather than the enigma of the present.

Lannic returned her attention to the screen in front of her. But the wine set beside it was a distraction. Why should she get special attention? Hardly anyone knew she was at the Braxiatel Collection - certainly she had not considered that its owner would acknowledge her presence.

She sipped at the dry white wine, turning the delicate stem of the glass between



finger and thumb as she examined the engraved pattern - a cluster of small leaves splaying out from a single branch. And as the tiny veins in the leaves caught the sunlight spilling from the windows above her, Camarina Lannic's mind slipped the final pieces together.

Clisolan's account was the key. She had the size from the bill of materials; she had the shape from the De Witte sketch. And now she could place it almost exactly from the journals of the Transpiran Traders coupled with Clisolan's description of the angle of the suns on the distant mountains. She *knew* where to find the ruins of the Pentillanian Theatre on Menaxus.

The glass hit the polished wood at an angle, wine spilling from the bowl even as it struck. The base remained almost intact, but the engraved bowl shattered, sending etched leaves of glass spinning and dancing across the floor as they were severed from the central stem.

The Rippearean defence sats round Gluvene were knocked out by the first salvo. The land-based surface to space missiles never got off the ground. The Heletian attack was as fierce as it was expected, but the Rippearean division left to stave off the inevitable was ill-equipped and badly trained. The commander was slow to react, and in the ninety seconds it took for his officers to empower themselves to retaliate, the Heletian heavy landers broached the upper atmosphere and lost themselves in the ion layer.

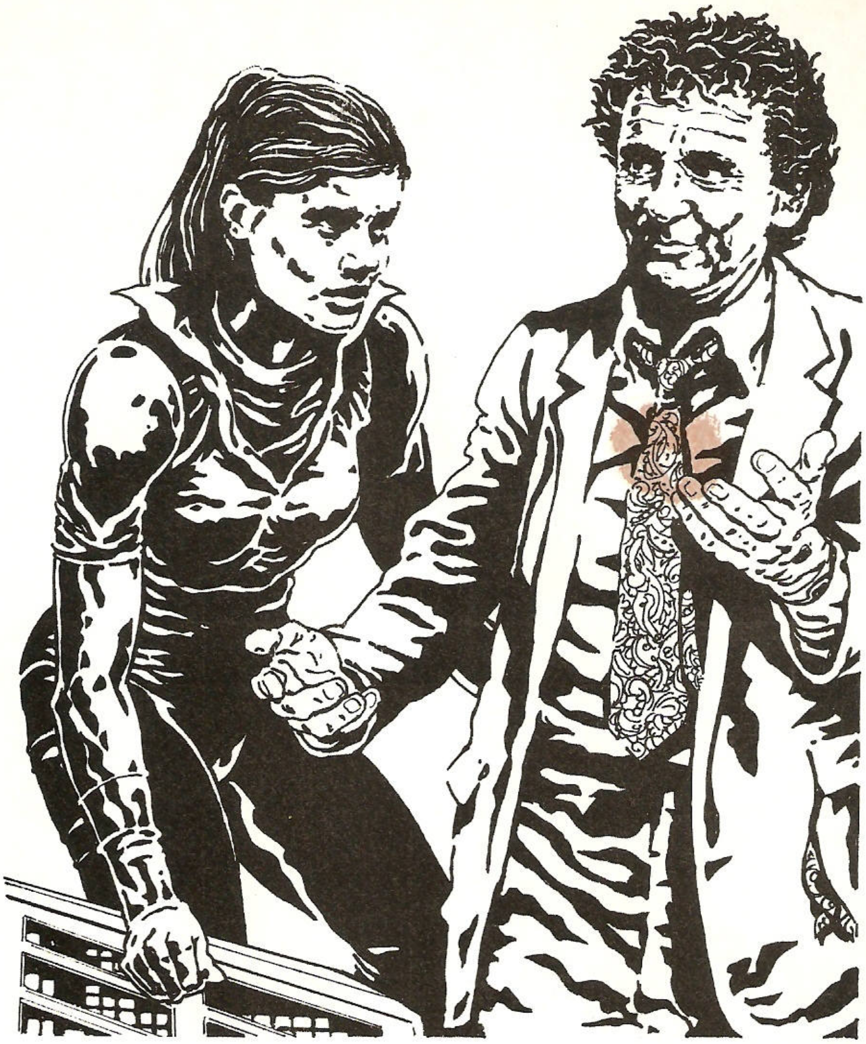
The garrison and munitions at Vanlinx was the main target, although (almost out of charity) a lander was also dispatched to the Palace. The siege of Gluvene had lasted less than seven minutes. As their advancing armada moved on towards Optron and Dosardus, the Heletians hardly noticed that their outer markers also now encompassed the small uninhabited planet of Menaxus.

They were in a mutually melancholy mood when they returned to the TARDIS. Neither would admit it, but they both missed Benny.

'I think we need a break.' The Doctor tossed his hat on to the central column and hurried round the console.

Ace watched the hat rise and fall with the grating vibration of the engines. 'Just us?'

The Doctor glanced up from the console, apparently startled, and looked round as if to see who else might join them. After a moment he broke into a wide smile. 'Just us.' He leaned forward and flicked a final switch. 'I know a world where the wild Time blows,' he announced to an empty part of the TARDIS.



'Excuse me?'

'Mmm?' he turned and stared at Ace for just long enough for it to be unsettling. 'Alternatively,' he suggested, 'I know a place where the sun never sets.'

'The British Empire?'

The Doctor frowned, ignoring her. 'Or to be more accurate, it's always setting.'

'Oh?' Ace was not impressed.

'I think we could both do with a sunset.' He nodded. 'Yes, that's just what we need at the moment. Very *fin de jour*. Very -' He stared at the ceiling, searching for the word. . .

'Theatrical?' Ace prompted.

He seized on it immediately, ignoring her sarcasm. 'Yes - yes, that's it: *theatrical*. They do a good line in sunsets.'

'And what's so great about sunsets?' Ace wanted to know.

The Doctor beamed. 'I'll show you,' he said as the central column and the TARDIS gently came to rest.

Justin Richards

Doctor Who –
The New Adventures:
Theatre of War
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Justin Richards
With a cover by
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THE NEW
Doctor Who
ADVENTURES
THEATRE OF WAR
JUSTIN RICHARDS

SHELF LIFE

It's time to review the boss's book – and Craig's understandably nervous. But the editor is a nice old buffer and he won't sack you. Honest . . .

I have been dreading this month's column ever since I learnt that April's addition to Virgin's *New Adventures* was Gary Russell's *Legacy*. Yes, that Gary Russell, esteemed editor of **Doctor Who Magazine**. Still, I'd better get on with it . . .

The fortieth century. The Galactic Federation has spread across the galaxy, including the feudal planet of Peladon. In the fifty years since the events of *The Monster of Peladon*, the planet is now regarded as an entertaining throwback, a world of pageantry for the delight of the more sophisticated members of the Federation. One such pageant is the King's restatement of his vows, and the Federation's reporters are poised and ready to broadcast the proceedings.

When the Doctor is asked by an old friend to investigate the death of his daughter, his trail also leads to Peladon, where he is forced into an uneasy alliance with a party of Ice Warriors, led by the Ice Lord Savaar. But a simple murder mystery takes on a much darker tone as the Doctor discovers that all is not well amongst the Pel nobles.

As an ancient force of pure evil manipulates from the shadows, the Doctor has to learn who he can trust, before events get completely out of control. Are the Martians the born-again descendants of Izlyr, or warrior throwbacks like Azaxyr? Looking at Peter Elson's wonderful front cover, it looks like the Doctor is in serious trouble . . .

Legacy is a riveting read from beginning to end. With intriguing glimpses of the warlike origins of Peladon, up to and including the birth of the King from *The Curse of Peladon*, and the Time Lords' reasons for involving the Doctor, the book is packed with continuity references. But this is a double-edged sword: for the dedicated fan, the constant harking back starts off as a clever affectation but rapidly tires, while the casual reader might become a bit confused – what's so special about wind-chimes from Deva Loka, for example? On a similar note, rather too many *Star Trek* references have crept in: there were times when I wasn't really sure whose version of the Federation I was in!

Legacy has a larger than average cast of characters, and I can't remember a book with such a wide range of life-forms. All the Peladon regulars are in fine fettle: Alpha Centauri reads as if he/she/it has just walked out one of Brian Hayles' stories, while the Ice Warriors are every bit as menacing – warranted or not – as they have ever been (and guess what they look like with their armour off). The Pakhars – humanoid gerbils – are a new invention, and the tantalising glimpse of their society demands that they be looked at in more detail. As for the host of minor players . . . I seem to recognise a number of the names. Surely they're not based on real people, Gary? I did get the impression, however, that Ace was rather superfluous, and packing her off on a special mission gives us a better look at Benny.

The story is simple, and all the better for it, simply because there's so much packed into it. The action moves from Earth to Peladon in a single stroke, and we are once again immersed in the culture we have grown to love. Gary has a firm grasp of Brian Hayles' feudal society, and everything presented is a logical follow-on from *The Curse* and *The Monster of Peladon* – I'm sure that Brian Hayles would have approved.

Legacy is a fine conclusion to the Peladon trilogy, wrapping the whole saga up in a very satisfactory manner. Gary may not win the Booker Prize for the quality of his writing, but he has turned in a novel that fulfils the most important criterion: it's a wonderfully entertaining read and very difficult to put down. Let's hope that Gary can find time away from **DWM** to write another. And I forgive him for the alcoholic gerbil!

THEATRICALS

While the Federation enjoys a period of peace and prosperity, another part of the galaxy is prospering in a more violent way, as the Heletian Empire's expansion into the Rippearean Cluster continues. Meanwhile, a team of archaeologists on the planet Menaxus is forced to withdraw, on the verge of the greatest discovery of their careers. But Camarina Lannic is determined to return. Five years later, the Empire is losing, but she is able to put together another expedition to Menaxus, now on the front line. But this time, one of the archaeologists is Professor Bernice Summerfield . . .

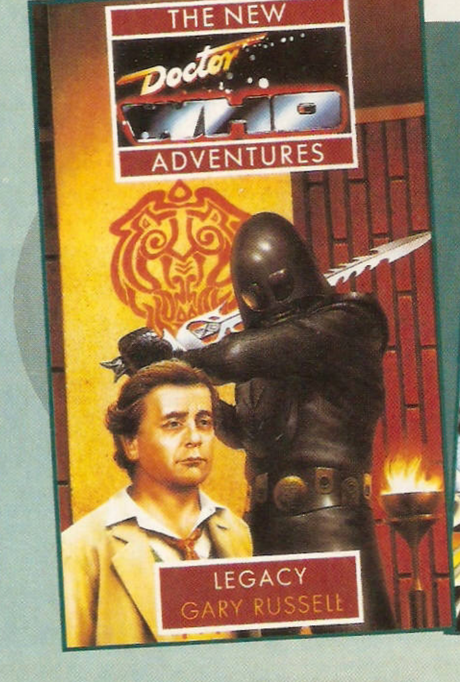
To understand why Benny is off on her own gives too many clues as to the end of *Legacy*, so read that book and find out. Suffice to say that Menaxus is rather more lively than most archaeological sites. After an ancient curse, Benny is intrigued; and the TARDIS' arrival in what appears to be a replay of Hamlet adds to the mystery. But things really hot up with the discovery of an advanced holographic projector programmed with a library of history's greatest plays, including one thought lost for ever. And when events suggest that an ancient curse is upon them, the time has come to take their results back to Heletia. Is Menaxus the archaeological find of the millennium? Or is it all part of a much greater and more deadly production?

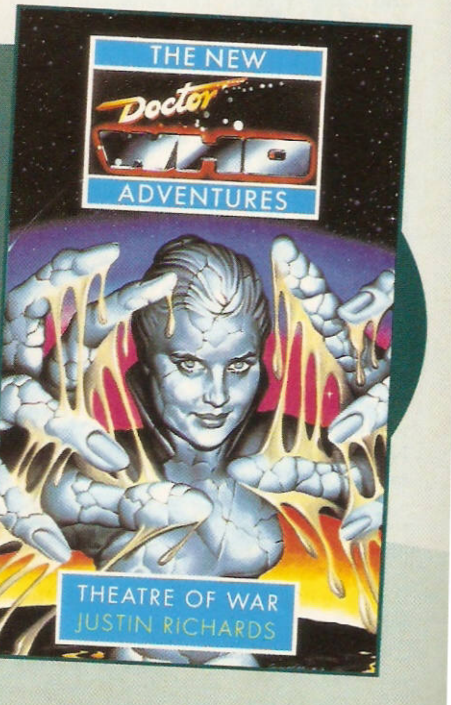
Justin Richards is a stalwart of virtually every *Doctor Who* magazine ever, and he brings his knowledge of literature and drama to *Theatre of War*, May's *New Adventure*. And it's outstanding, especially Jeff Cummins' striking cover. If *Legacy* is light entertainment, then *Theatre of War* is high drama: you cannot afford to miss a single word as it shifts from murder mystery to space opera to political intrigue within the space of a few pages.

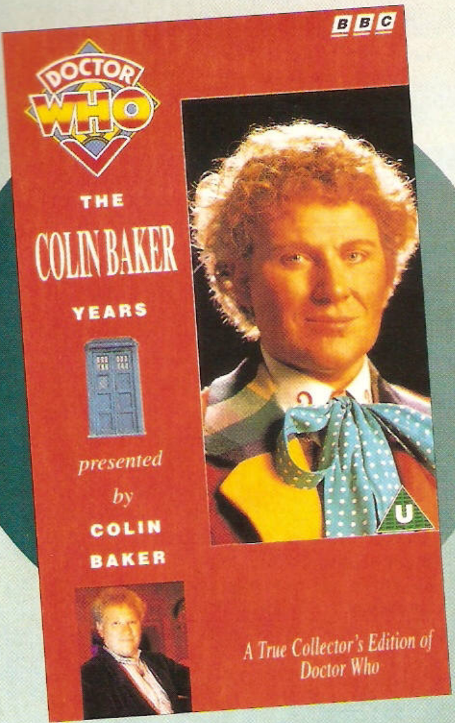
Justin has drawn the regulars to perfection, especially Benny, who is the focus of a large part of the book (thank goodness!), but his own characters occasionally lack direction and intent, sometimes becoming indistinguishable. The notable exceptions are Lannic, the chief archaeologist, and Marlock, the truly evil eminence grise who really rules the Heletian Empire. And a mention must go to the mysterious Irving Braxiatel, whose motivation is the best kept secret in his Collection.

The background to the Heletian Empire is magnificent: a culture totally obsessed by theatre. Titles, swear words, the whole way of life is dedicated to the pursuit of the theatrical, and this makes the fascination with the discovery of a long lost play all the more believable (and there are definitely parallels to be drawn with the discovery of a certain *Doctor Who* story a few years ago . . .) One of the major themes of the novel is deception and, as the book progresses, the true nature of the theatre-loving Heletians is a quite disturbing revelation.

If I have any criticisms of *Theatre of War*, they are aimed at the depth of the book. A casual reader might get a bit lost by the sheer vol-







ume of theatrical references, and they occasionally give the book a rather heavy feel. But this can also be seen as a bonus – the book definitely deserves a second reading to pick up *all* the references.

Theatre of War is definitely one of the best books in the series, and I look forward to reading more from the pen of Mr Richards.

As I'm sure you all know, *The Paradise of Death* was the only original *Doctor Who* produced last year, the dire *Dimensions in Time* notwithstanding. Radio Five's production was later released as a stereo audio tape, and now reaches the printed page, with Barry Letts' adaptation of his own story as one of the very last books under the Target imprint. And, before I start, I suppose I ought to point out that I only listened to one episode of the radio series, so I'm approaching this book as a book, rather than a novelisation.

Two decades before EuroDisney, the biggest and most exciting theme park is Space World on Hampstead Heath. But when a man is murdered in horrific circumstances the night before the grand opening, UNIT is brought in to investigate. Before long, the Doctor is convinced that the outrageous manager of Space World and his creepy assistant have a far more personal association with outer space than it seems. And when Sarah Jane Smith stows away on a spaceship bound for the planet Parakon, the Doctor, the Brigadier and the bumbling Jeremy Fitzoliver are hot on their trail. A trail that uncovers an obscene plot of murder, corruption and ecological disaster.

Well, "obscene" and "disaster" are quite fitting, I suppose. I am more than happy to overlook the "fan's error" – setting the story in a non-existent gap between two televised adventures. I'm not so happy about overlooking its other problems. At the risk of committing blasphemy by criticising Barry Letts, I thought *The Paradise of Death* was a juvenile, unevenly written novel, with poor characterisation, a hackneyed plot, and a complete lack of a coherent narrative.

To begin with, the plot doesn't run smoothly. After a few chapters of Space World, the whole thing is completely forgotten in favour of the storyline on Parakon where there's an awful lot of running round, being locked up, escaping, being locked up and then escaping from dinosaurs, before the villain of the piece is brutally dispatched. And then everyone goes home for tea (literally!) The whole thing lacks conviction, a hotch-potch of old ideas, with a bit of ecological correctness thrown in to make it topical. Topical? *The Green Death* was more topical than this!

The radio version was carried by the vocal talents of the actors – Harold Innocent's plummy Freeth, Peter Miles' sadistic Tragan, the regular cast . . . Indeed, the only disappointment there was Jon Pertwee, whose voice was so far removed from his commanding presence on television as to be almost be unrecognisable. Without them, the characters simply fail to lift off the page, and that brings us straight on to characterisation – what there is of it. All of the spoken words are right, but the thoughts behind them don't ring true. The Doctor comes across as a barely tolerated eccentric, while the Brigadier is a cliched militaristic buffoon. And Sarah! She is so far removed from the person we have come to know and love that she is completely unrecognisable. Add to this the fact that all of the characters on Parakon have all the depth of a sheet of paper, and that just about sums it up.

Barry Letts can turn in fantastic prose — just look at his novelisation of *The Dæmons. The Paradise of Death* just isn't it.

A YEAR IN ABEYANCE

Hands up everybody who decided not to tape *The Green Death* off BBC2 in January, those of us who preferred to wait for the video release in March? And what happens – the Beeb only go and pull it from the schedules! In its place, *The Colin Baker Years* has escaped from the vaults where it had been languishing since 1992, when former *Who* producer John Nathan-Turner compiled it.

Recorded at the *Doctor Who* Exhibition at Longleat, *The Colin Baker Years* follows the format of the Tom Baker compilation: sit the actor in front of a television and subject him to clips from every single story. Or rather, almost every story . . . The story begins with Baker's first *Who* appearance as Maxil in *Arc of Infinity*, and then flows naturally into the announcement of his "promotion", with clips from the news, the comfy sofa days of *Breakfast Time* and a *Blue Peter* appearance to boot. And then it's a chronological journey through Baker's sadly curtailed tenure as the Doctor, peppered with his memories and feelings for each story. So, was it a worthy replacement for *The Green Death*?

The attraction of the previous *Years* tapes was their distance: Hartnell, Troughton and Pertwee were all years ago. *The Tom Baker Years* was enjoyable because of the actor's off-the-cuff contemplations. The era of the Sixth Doctor is too recent . . . and, as much as it pains me to admit it, the brevity of the era means a much higher proportion of chaff amongst the wheat. But I'm being too negative – I liked this tape! But why?

Of all the surviving Doctors, I've always believed that Colin Baker is the most enthusiastic about the part, and this video demonstrates that perfectly, as he shows a passion for the series that his vicious dismissal shouldn't really warrant. I must admit, the whole thing came across as a bit too self-congratulatory and "luvvie", but this is understandable – it is Colin Baker's celebration of his time as the Doctor, and we should indulge him. The biggest problem about this tape is that it doesn't really give us much more of an insight into Colin Baker and his era than Virgin's *Sixth Doctor Handbook*. But that isn't really fair: the tape was supposed to come out well before the book did, and there *are* a couple of anecdotes that aren't in the *Handbook*, such as the doggie-dirt incident while filming *The Mark of the Rani* . . . But he isn't afraid to speak his mind when it suits him: there is quite barbed criticism of Eric Saward, who refused permission for his Dalek story to be included in this tape, and quite understandable bitterness about the way he was dismissed from the part.

The overwhelming impression I came away with was one of Colin's excitement about being part of the *Doctor Who* legend, and his ongoing interest in both the programme and BBV's *Stranger* videos. The clips have been chosen with a lot more care than in previous *Years* tapes, and really do show each of Colin's stories off to their best advantage – yes, even *Timelash!*

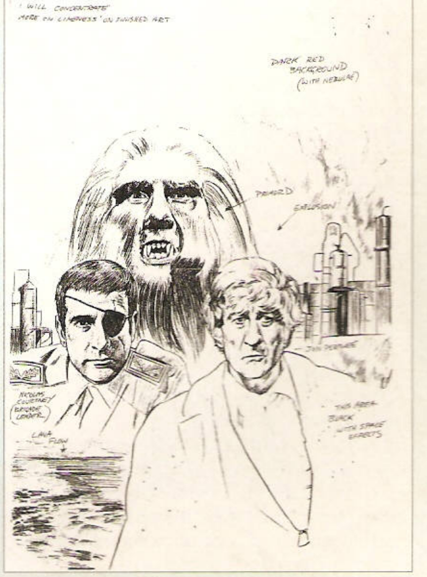
Is it worth buying? As a personal record of Colin Baker's Doctor, then it is. If you would rather learn more about the behind-the-scenes nuts, bolts and vitriol, buy the *Sixth Doctor Handbook* and leave this on the shelves.

FLAMES OF PASSION

Professor Stahlman is understandably proud of his research project. When it is complete, he will have solved mankind's energy problems forever by tapping into gas reserves deep below the crust. So when Sir Keith Gold brings in a drilling specialist to investigate recent malfunctions, Stahlman is understandably annoyed. Meanwhile, one of the staff, having touched a mysterious secretion from one of the pipes, is slowly mutating into something less than human.

But Stahlman isn't the only genius at the project nicknamed Inferno. The Doctor has taken advantage of UNIT's presence in charge of security to get his hands on the Project's reactor, needing energy to test his repairs to the TARDIS. And Stahlman resents this as well.

As the Professor ignores the advice of his colleagues and tries to speed up the penetration of the Earth's crust, more people are being infected by the burning secretion. At the height (or depth!) of the drilling, Stahlman notices the power drain caused by the Doctor and cuts the power, hurling the TARDIS console – and the ►



◄ Doctor – to an alternate 'Inferno' project, where familiar figures are evil twisted servants of a totalitarian regime. But this project is encountering serious difficulties, which look like leading to the destruction of the Earth itself. Up against an army of mutated humans and a brutal version of the Brigadier, the Doctor must return to our Earth to prevent the 'Inferno' project's inevitable and fiery climax.

In days gone by I'd often dismiss Season Seven out of hand. Apart from *Spearhead from Space*, I always looked upon it as over long, over-complicated, and not really worth revisiting. How wrong one can be. After having had to watch *Doctor Who and the Silurians* last year, most of my trepidation had vanished, so I tried to approach *Inferno* with an open mind. I mean, don't all the stills from this one show the Primords looking like Scooby-Doo?

Well no, actually. The mutated humans are never called Primords (that was only in *Radio Times*), and seen in action are nowhere near as risible as the photographs suggest. But this is beside the point. *Inferno* is seven episodes of classy direction, top-notch acting and the most spectacular stunts ever seen in the programme.

As far as the storyline goes, it has been documented that all the parallel dimension material was added by script editor Terrance Dicks to pad out Don Houghton's four episode story to fill the gap in the season. But it doesn't show: in fact I cannot imagine what a four-episode *Inferno* could possibly be like. Like the other two seven-parters in Season Seven, there is almost too much plot. The concept of parallel dimensions has rarely been explored in the series, which makes this excursion all the more fascinating. What did happen to create a *1984*-type Britain? (In Paul Cornell's first *New Adventure* novel, *Timewyrm:Revelation*, it is suggested that the parallel version of the exiled Doctor was the glorious leader. Mmm . . .)

All the actors deliver their roles with relish, from Olaf Pooley's obsessed Stahlman to Christopher Benjamin's officious Sir Keith. But the real honours must go to the parallel people: Nick Courtney's eyepatch-wearing Brigade-Leader, the sadistic Platoon Under-Leader Benton (John Levene at his best), and Caroline John's sympathetic Elizabeth Shaw with her chameleon wig – roll up, roll up, watch it change colour! And talking of alternate roles, listen out for Jon Pertwee's faintly disguised radio announcer's voice as it announces Armageddon – a scene never broadcast in Britain!

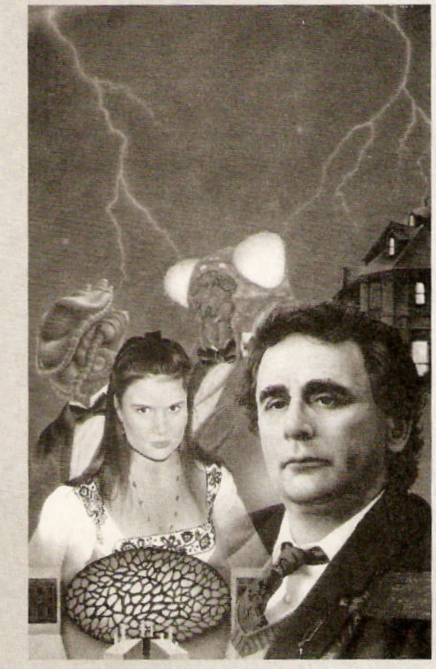
The only dodgy aspect about *Inferno* is the familiar bane of the early Seventies – appalling CSO, but I think we can gloss over this one factor in favour of the whole. *Inferno* is a fast-paced science-fiction story, an early green tale in the mould of *Doomwatch*, and a wonderful lesson in "things man was not meant to know."

Ah yes, *Ghost Light*. You've heard the music, you've read the script, now see the video.

Materialising in Perivale circa 1883, the Doctor and Ace encounter strange goings on in Gabriel Chase, an extremely creepy mansion in which Victorian values take on a whole new meaning. Why is there a radioactive cigarillo case lying around? Who is Redvers Fenn-Cooper, and what sort of insect is the Crowned Saxe-Coburg?

But the worst is yet to come. Faced by the vicious Mrs Pritchard and the clearly unbalanced Josiah Smith, the Doctor and Ace realise that events in Gabriel Chase are reaching a climax. A house with a Neaderthal butler, gun-toting maids and a stone spaceship in the cellar is hardly the sort of residence a decent Victorian gentleman would care to visit.

But Gabriel Chase is the scene of a final leap up the evolutionary ladder. The master of the house is a genetic construct who has cast off his previous, more primitive forms in favour of a Victorian gentleman. But where did he come from? And what horror lies in the cellar that Smith fears more than anything else?



I used to hate *Ghost Light*. I used to think that it was an overblown and pretentious mess, an incoherent script that filled up three episodes. I was wrong. Yes, you heard me, I was wrong! *Ghost Light* has one major fault, and that fault ruins the story: it's only three episodes long. *Ghost Light* is unique in the series' history, a history full of stories padded out to satisfy a gap. *Ghost Light* is too short! There is no padding of the script at all, with every line progressing the plot, giving a rather too concentrated feel to the whole thing. *Ghost Light* was unpopular with me because I had to follow every line of the script: not an easy thing where *Doctor Who* is concerned.

All the actors are superb: Sylvia Syms' Mrs Pritchard joins the rare breed of villains that you can hiss at, while Ian Hogg plays the part of Smith to perfection. I cannot fault any of the players, especially the Doctor and Ace. Dark Doctor? They don't come much darker than Sylvester McCoy's portrayal here. And Nimrod – Carl Forgione is outstanding as the Neanderthal butler. The only questionable delivery is John Hallam's Light: a trifle too fey for my liking, especially given his *EastEnders* role as a thug, a part that had only just finished when this story aired.

The BBC always deliver the goods where period pieces are concerned, and *Ghost Light* is no different, giving a wonderful feel to the story. We can sense the uneasiness in the house, we can visualise nice, pleasant Perivale just beyond the doors . . . Apart from the very silly husks, but ignore them.

Marc Platt came up with a thoughtful script that got lost because some fans – including myself – couldn't follow it after one viewing. Indeed, it resembles the best of *Sapphire and Steel* in that respect, being a very deep and very clever story. The underlying message attacks Victorian values, but I do not accept the concept that evolution equals civilisation . . . but it works. Almost. There are unanswered questions: why is Fenn-Cooper's cigarillo case radioactive? What was Marc trying to say about Control?

I don't like the fact that the Doctor took Ace to Gabriel Chase to sort her head out, because that adds a *very* nasty side to the Doctor, and I still believe that there are a number of issues left unresolved. But for the Doctor to say "Even I can't play this many games at once" . . . buy it. Watch it. Watch it again. And then I dare you to say that *Ghost Light* is "incomprehensible rubbish," which I wrote that in a review, four years ago.

I was wrong.

STRANGE TALES

Finally this month, time to visit that almost *Doctor Who* world of Bill Baggs' *Stranger* videos. For those of you unfamiliar with this project, the Stranger, played by Colin Baker, is a Doctor-like character accompanied by Nicola Bryant's "Miss Brown". Ably directed by Bill, the three stories currently available – *Summoned by Shadows, More than a Messiah* and *In Memory Alone* (on the Pickwick label) – are a marvellous blend of science-fiction and psychological thriller, and streets ahead of some of Colin Baker's stories as the Doctor. The latest of Bill's fiction output is *The AirZone Solution*, an excellent video which I reviewed in **DWM** 206. And now comes *Stranger Than Fiction*, a documentary about the making of the BBV series.

Although this release is blatantly designed to promote *The AirZone Solution*, this doesn't detract from it. But surely only four stories don't really merit a making-of video?

In the manner of these things, *Stranger than Fiction* talks to the writers, the actors, and Bill himself, leading the viewer through the stages of video production. We see the scripting stage, and how the finished script is an amalgam of writer, director and actors – usually the seemingly ubiquitous Colin Baker! And then rehearsals and shooting, and a look at the convincing but cheaply-done special effects.

Although the three *Stranger* videos are adequately covered, with a multitude of out-takes and previously unseen footage, the obvious jewel in the crown is *The AirZone Solution*, featuring Mssrs Davison, Baker, McCoy and Pertwee. Which is understandable but odd, given that this one isn't a *Stranger* video. But it's all very enjoyable . . .

Until, in the middle of all this, we are treated to a scene that I found incredibly distasteful and insulting. The cameras were on hand to record the Doctors' reactions to the news of the cancellation of *The Dark Dimension*, leading to a discussion about their roles in the aborted project. And then the knives came out, as poor old Adrian Rigelsford's writing talent is dismissed out of hand because he's "a glorified fan." And which Doctor said this? I'll let you guess that one. But a large proportion of the *New Adventures* are by "glorified fans", gentlemen: being a fan of *Doctor Who* does not prevent one from being a talented writer. I came away from that scene feeling that the actors had done themselves, not Adrian, a disservice.

But this tiny blight cannot detract from the overall product. Having seen *The AirZone Solution*, I found the parts dealing with that production very enlightening. And the references to the *Stranger* videos were so intriguing that I decided to watch them. Since I have *Summoned by Shadows* on at this very moment, I think you've got another satisfied customer, Bill!

◆

Matrix Data Bank

EDITED EARTHSHOCK?

T.J.Lees of **Brighton** has purchased the BBC Video of *Earthshock* and is concerned that it may be cut. Back in the original 1982 transmission of, wasn't there a scene in which Tegan and Nyssa pleaded with the Doctor to travel back in time and save Adric, but the Doctor said he couldn't? Yes, indeed there was such a scene, but no, the videotape isn't cut. This sequence actually appeared at the start of Part One of *Time-Flight* the following week, after the TARDIS had dropped off the crew of the freighter. So you'll have to wait for that to come out on video to see it I'm afraid.

EDITED REPEATS?

Stephen Paul Gunn of **Inverness** asks about the repeats of *The Caves of Androzani*, *Revelation of the Daleks* and *Battlefield*. Were these transmitted edited or unedited? As far as I can ascertain, *The Caves of Androzani* and *Battlefield* were direct repeats from the original one-inch videotapes and without any cuts or edits. *Revelation of the Daleks* was, of course, transmitted in a four-episode version. This one-inch tape was a re-edit of the original two episode version in accordance with the BBC Enterprises prints sold abroad. New captions were placed at the start of the episodes for the instalment numbers, etc. Parts One and Two ended with the original closing credits to Part One, and Parts Three and Four ended with the original closing credits to Part Two. Hence Orcini and Bostock are credited on the short Part One although they do not actually appear).

MISSING MEDDLER

Way back in Issue 171, **Doctor Who Magazine** made a reference to *The Time Meddler: The Watcher* still being incomplete even after its return from a television station in Nigeria. **Jean-Paul Crava** of **Leeds** wants to know how this fits in with the repeat screening of 1992. Well, two copies of *The Time Meddler* were in existence, so it was possible to compile a near-complete print for transmission in January 1992 on one-inch tape from the two sources. The BBC's prints from Nigeria had lost a great deal of the introduction from Steven in the TARDIS at the start of *The Watcher* (which is therefore also missing in the US syndicated prints). Also missing was a short scene between the two Vikings in *A Battle of Wits* and the final shots of the Vikings being killed in *Checkmate*. A private collector also retained 16mm film recordings of *The Watcher* and *A Battle of Wits* in their full forms, so the missing material could be inserted from these into the BBC prints on a new tape. The death of the Vikings still has a minor cut made to it – if you freeze-frame it from the BBC2 screening you can see the splice on the film.

NEW NEMESIS

Richard Spurr of **Penistone** asks where the additional material in the BBC Video of *Silver Nemesis* can be found. In Part One, the new material comprises: De Flores talking about how he stood alongside Hitler; an extended introduction where Richard and Peinforte need their final ingredient; the Doctor shooing a duck out of the TARDIS; the Nazis approaching Windsor in the minibus; De Flores talking to the Nazis in the minibus at the crash site; extra shots of the tourists at Windsor; the Doctor hypnotising the castle security men; the two Walkmen getting orders at the Nemesis meteor; and more of the Doctor and Ace being chased through Windsor and finding the portrait of Ace.

Part Two had four sections where new footage was restored: the Cyberleader noting the new appearance of the Doctor; the Doctor and Ace returning to Lady Peinforte's to find the chess pieces moved; the Cybermen loading the meteor onto their ship; and De Flores talking to Karl about the Wagnerian saga.

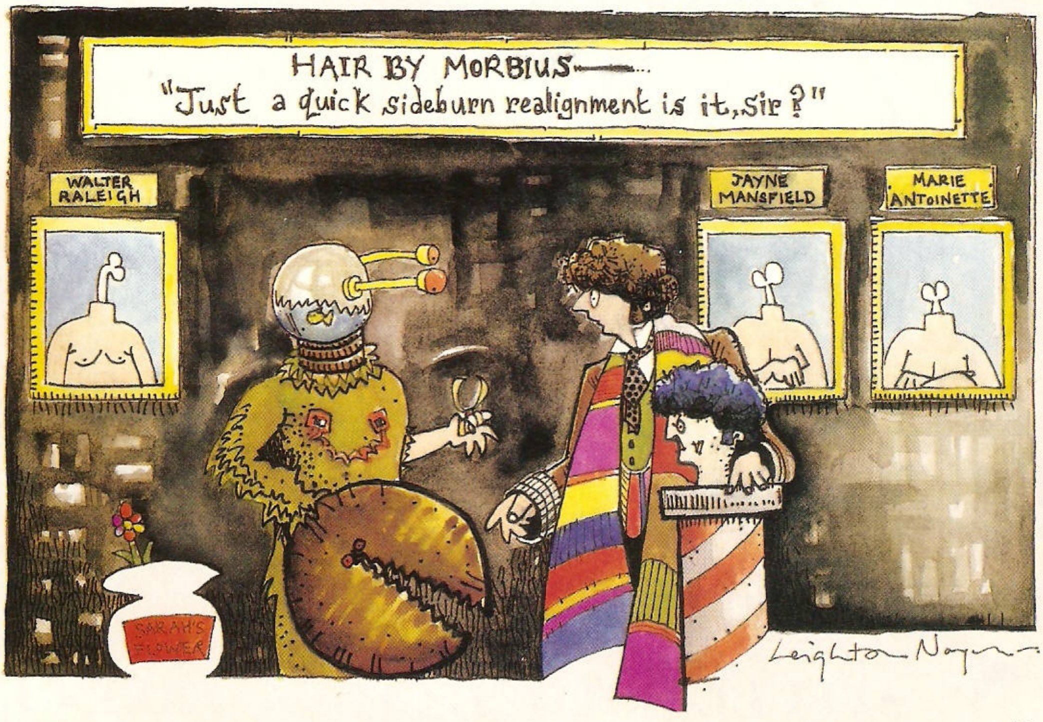
Part Three had nine new inserts: the Doctor explaining about activating the statue with the bow; the Nazis trying to escape the crypt and Karl handing De Flores over to the Cybermen; Peinforte becoming deranged as she walks along with Richard; an extension of the scene in which Richard thumbs a lift; an extension of a scene in which Ace promises to protect the Doctor; Mrs Remington telling her chauffeur to pull over; Karl overpowers a Cyberman and rescues De Flores; the Cyberleader watching the Doctor give the rendezvous point to the statue; and finally Mrs Remington taking snaps of the Nemesis shooting skywards.

Matrix Data Bank is compiled by DWM archivist Andrew Pixley. If you have any questions about Doctor Who, *send them to him at: Matrix Data Bank, Doctor Who Magazine, Marvel Comics Ltd, Arundel House, 13/15 Arundel Street, London, WC2R 3DX.*

Please note that although every question is considered for inclusion, we receive a huge amount of queries. We try to respond to as many as possible but personal replies are impossible.

Doctor Who Magazine Issue 213 sees the next instalment of *The High Council* – keep those continuity problems and speculations coming in. Send the questions you want answered and the answers to your questions to *The High Council* at the editorial address. Issue 214 features the next edition of *The Fanzine Trap* – our round-up of all the latest *Doctor Who* fanzines. Send all submissions for review to the editorial address.

DOCTOR OHO by Leighton Noyes



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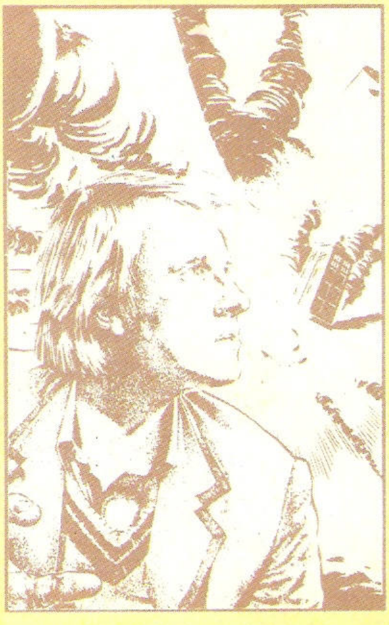

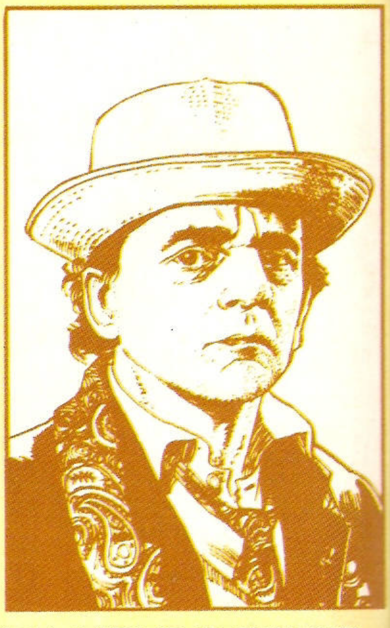

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